Saturday Review

JANUARY 14, 1961 / 25¢

COMMUNICATIONS

ENGLISH IN 2061: A FORECAST

By Mario Pei

WHAT WE DON'T KNOW CAN KILL US

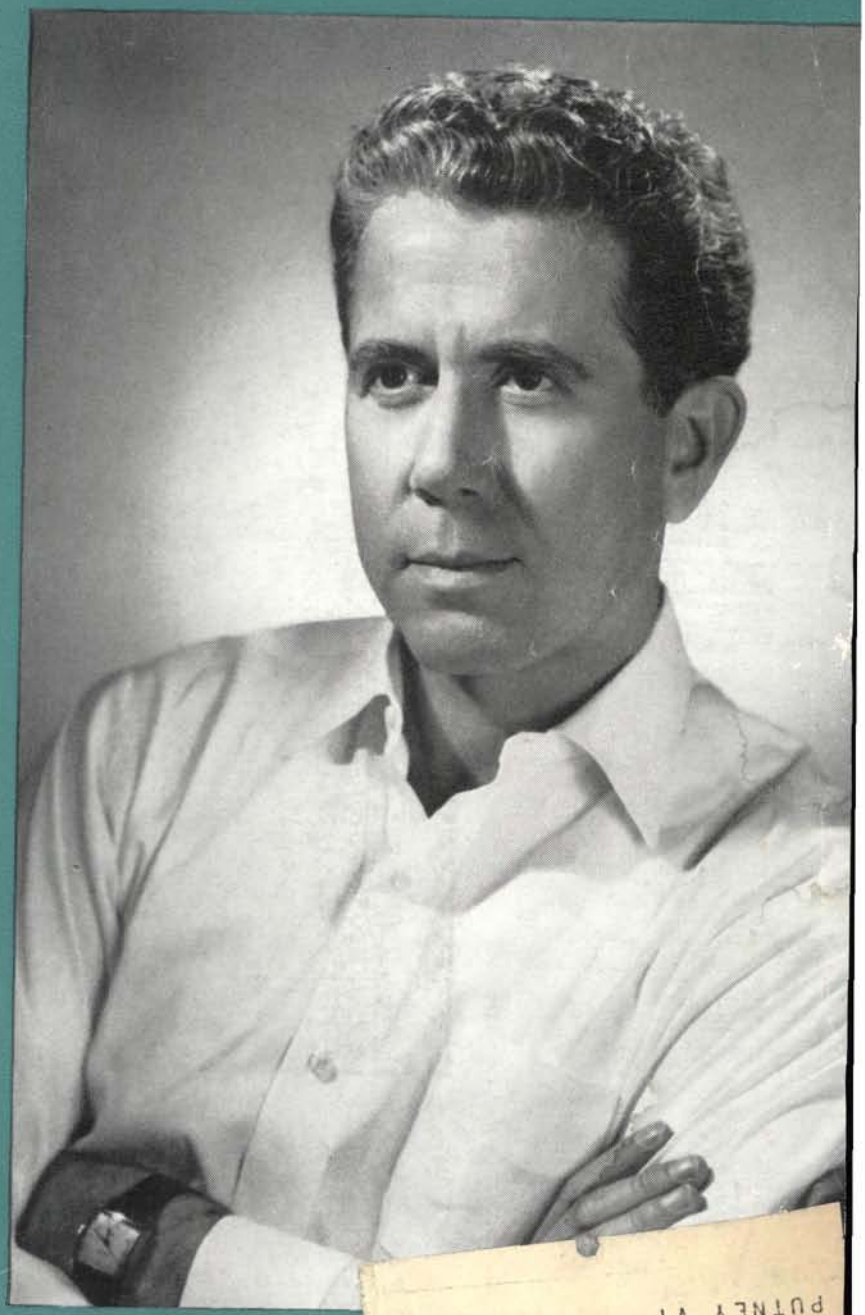
By Norman Cousins

BREAKTHROUGH IN INTERNATIONAL TV

By Robert Lewis Shayon

HOW TO BE A PERFECT SPELLER

By Rudolf Flesch



Kimon Lolos, auth

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Van Cliburn, who built a bridge of friendship from America to the Soviet Union, plays contrasting music from the two nations. The MacDowell concerto is a romantic work that reflects the bold, exuberant spirit of our own land; the Prokofieff is a dazzlingly colorful creation in the most modern terms.

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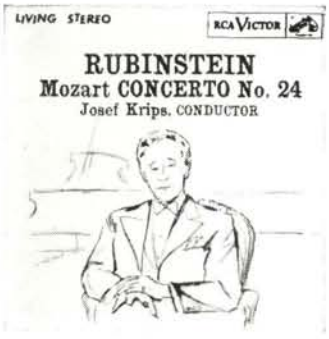
Henryk Szeryng: Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole. This mingling of rich melody and exotic Latin rhythm has always been a favorite work for violin and orchestra. Szeryng's brilliant performance sets this new recording apart as the one to own.

Artur Rubinstein, whose glowing poetic powers match a phenomenal technique, grows ever greater. In this recording, he turns to the music of Mozart—deceptively simple, yet the ultimate in artistic challenge. This is the first Mozart concerto album by Rubinstein in spacious, life-like Living Stereo sound.

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Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling

Photo by Philippe Halsman

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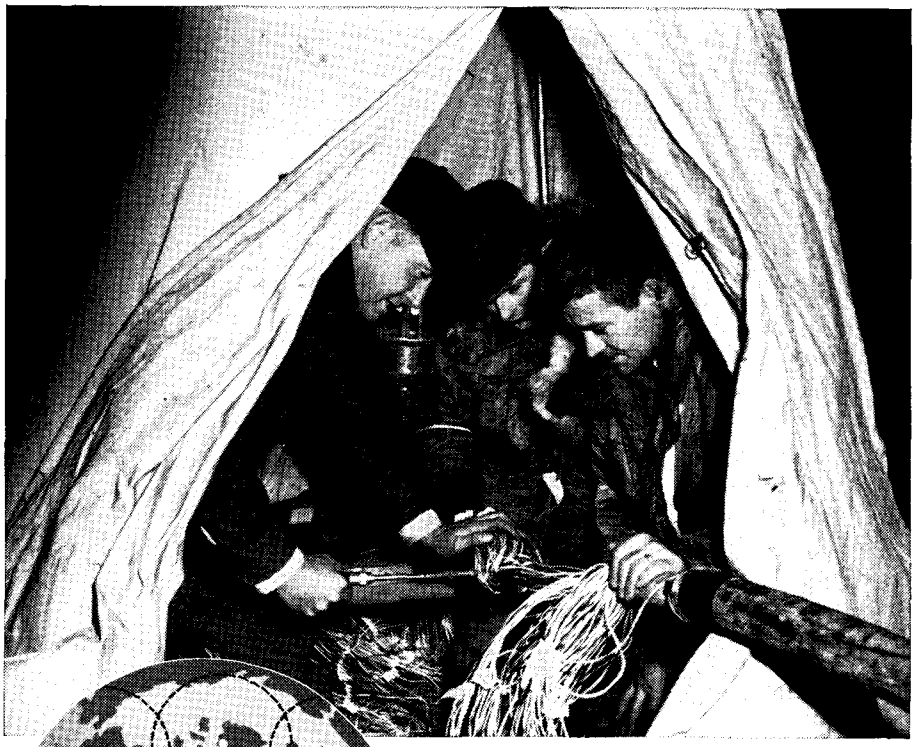

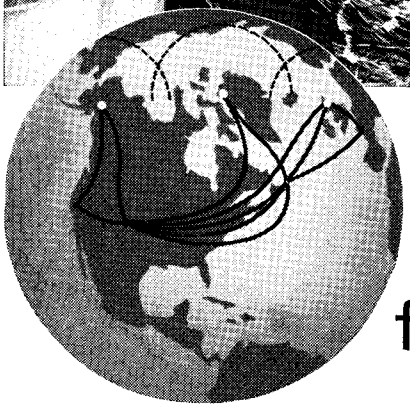

Far in the frozen North

...Bell Telephone engineers are putting together the nervous system for BMEWS —Ballistic Missile Early Warning System

The eyes of the U. S. Air Force BMEWS will be massive, far-seeing radars located in Alaska, Greenland and Great Britain. The brain is at the Continental Air Defense Center in Colorado Springs. Between the eyes and the brain there will be a vast network to provide instantaneous, highly reliable communications in the event of enemy missile attack.

The Bell System's manufacturing and supply unit, Western Electric, heads a team of 30 private firms and government agencies from three countries which is constructing this communications system.

Work is going ahead at full speed, right on schedule. All of the arts of long distance communications are being used to conquer the stern, hard-bitten terrain of BMEWS—line-of-sight and over-the-horizon radio, cables on land and under water.

Several forms of transmission are being employed. Newly designed high-speed data channels will feed information to the BMEWS computers. Voice and teletypewriter links will also be available.

One important reason the Bell System was given this assignment was its demonstrated capacity to handle such a challenging task. The resourcefulness and skill shown in this and other defense projects are also responsible for the efficient, continually improving telephone service you enjoy every day.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Saturday Review

Cover Photograph by Tiffany

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The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation. Vol. XLIV, No. 2. January 14, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

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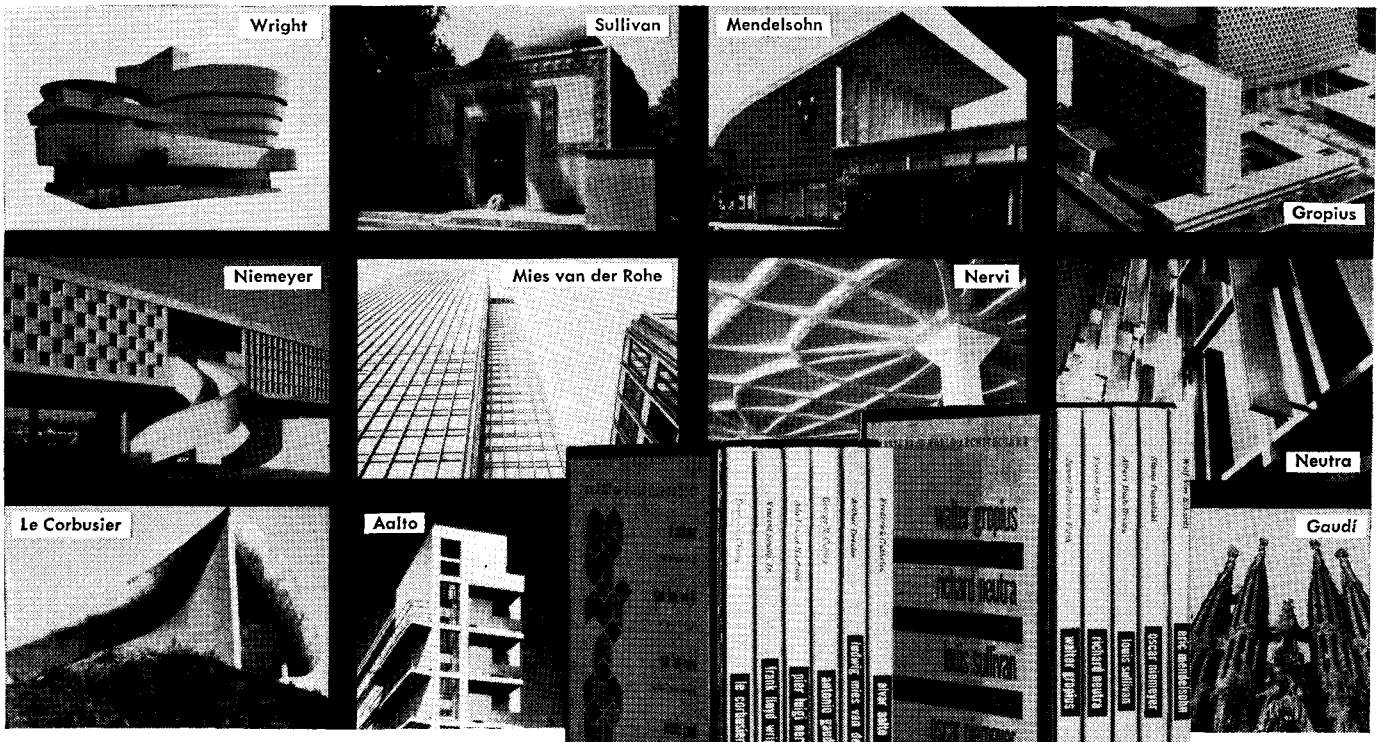

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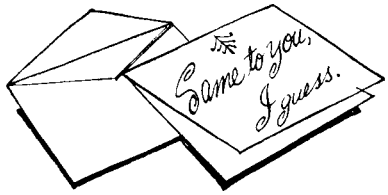
TRADE Winds

OUR SECRET HOLLYWOOD correspondent has forwarded this intelligence: Two noted authors have been accepted for membership in the Writers' Guild of America, West. In a list of some eighty new members, the following names appear, exactly as written: "Vladimir Nabakov" and "Carl Sanburg." They are the only two misspelled names on the list.

THE ARGUMENT about the new wave of "sick" comedians continues at a furious clip. Some seriously question whether it's the comedian or society that's worse. But Lenny Bruce, who has been jabbed by the critics as severely as he has jabbed them, says: "A schoolteacher might make around $3,000 a year. As a 'sick' comedian, I make some twenty times that much. That's what I call *really* sick." He goes on disarmingly to ask why society allows that to happen.

PAUL KRASSNER, the razor-tongued editor of *The Realist*, is apparently getting soft as a grape. A card received from him just before Christmas reads: "This is to announce that I am not sending out Christmas and New Year cards this year—but best wishes, anyway."



ANY SUNDAY you care to, you can find Atheneum's editorial wizard, Hiram Haydn, at the bowling alley, along with other literary people like John Hersey and Larry Hill, president of the Hill and Wang Publishing Company. Both Haydn and Hill, along with their sons, are bowling in a family league with all the intensity they put into shaping a manuscript into a best-seller.

Said Haydn right after he had bowled three consecutive strikes: "You know, our top seller, 'The Last of the Just,' just went to 6,235 copies last week—better than any other book on the best-seller lists—and we're now up to 46,000 in print. But with three straight strikes, I'm not sure which gives me a bigger kick."

THE FIRST COMPLETE PLAY of the Greek author Menander is now available, thanks to Oxford University Press. With a prophetic ear for present-day hipster language, one character gives this advice to the bad-tempered Chemnon when the latter wonders what he can do about his misanthropic disposition: "Dance, man!"

JUST IN CASE anyone thinks England has lost any of its durability and permanence, we'd like to report that Hawthorn Books reproduced on the office Thermofax machine a pleasant letter from Prime Minister Macmillan about their new publication, "The De Gaulle Nobody Knows." So handsome was the Prime Minister's stationery that it imbedded itself deeply into the belt of the machine. Now, every piece of material put into the machine comes out embossed with the seal and address of the Prime Minister of Great Britain.

NO SOONER had the recently discovered Shaw letters to Molly Tompkins come to light (TRADE WINDS, Dec. 31) than we learned that another batch is on the way. This time, the book is "Bernard Shaw and the Lunatic," to be published next fall by Putnam. Collected and edited by the Theatre Guild's Lawrence Langner, the letters reveal Shaw as a canny businessman of the theatre, with extraordinary commercial insight—a sharp contrast to his previously published romances with the ladies.

THE PRE-PUBLICATION STIR about young Wilfrid Sheed's novel, "A Middle Class Education," was capped by a letter from one of America's leading novelists raving about the book. But it created nothing but frustration for the publishers, Houghton Mifflin, since the famous novelist has never permitted a letter of his to be quoted.

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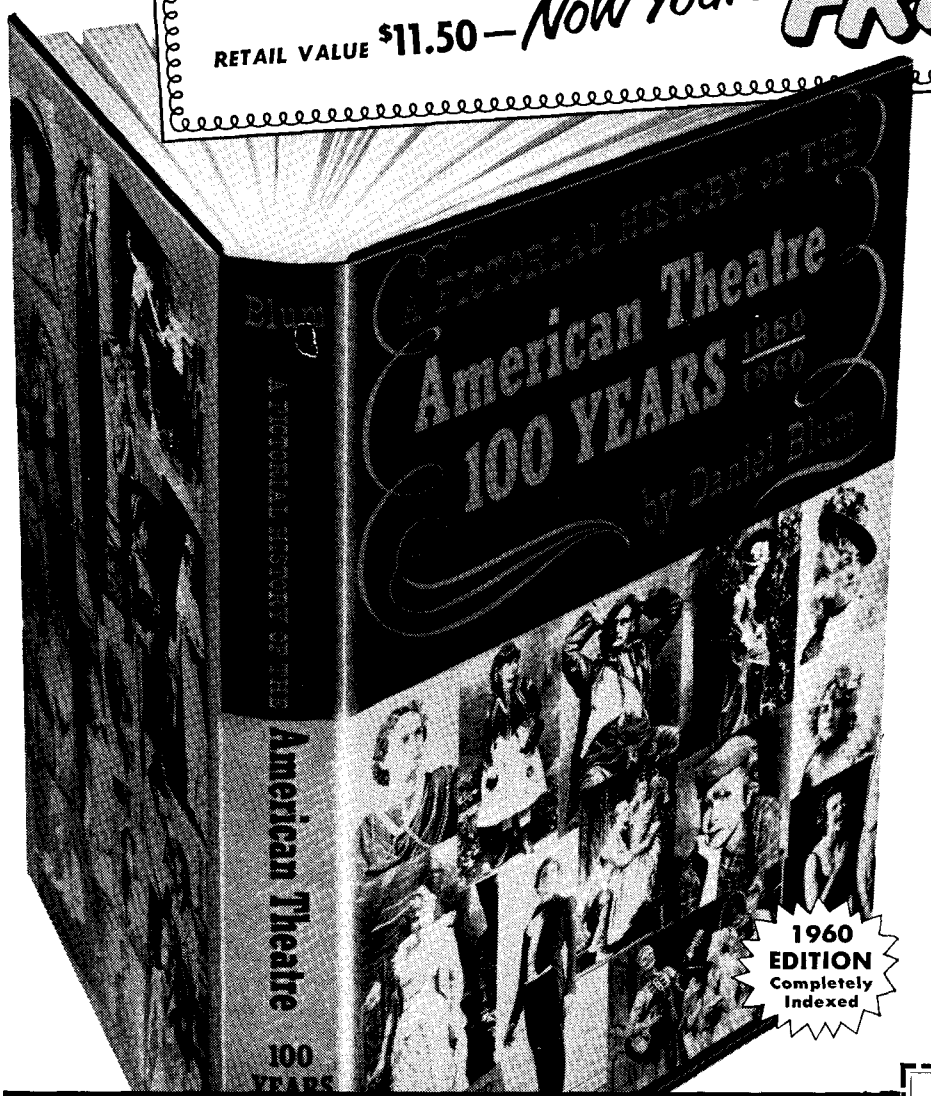

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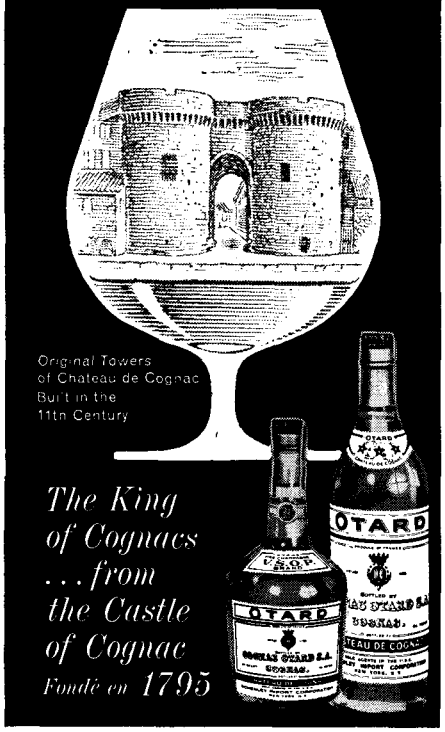

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James Brooke, an adventurous young Englishman, vivid and attractive, in love with the East, bought a ship, collected a crew and sailed off to Borneo. Offered a kingdom, with some hesitation, he accepted.

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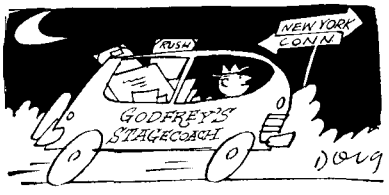
the provinces of Connecticut for New York City with a private mail service for the free-lance artists and writers of Fairfield County, most of them fighting deadlines imposed on them by magazines, book publishers, and television networks. Just because the stagecoach happens to be a 1959 Volkswagon Microbus doesn't mean there's any less romance. The cargo is original art work and manuscripts worth hours of sweat; a light burns all night, every night, in a small reception room where haggard artists and writers arrive any time from midnight to dawn to drop off their labors in time for the early-morning stage. It's not infrequent that a couple of writers or artists bump into each other on a frosty morning at four and smoke a lonely cigarette together, envying the stability of the staid commuter on the 8:10.

"The funny thing is," Godfrey told us, "that when I started this business several years ago, I simply called it 'The New York Messenger Service.' Business was terrible. It was hardly worth the run to New York. I had an



old station wagon, and I couldn't afford to keep it in repair, and of course it was always breaking down. Then a friend of mine said: 'You're worse than a broken-down stagecoach.' That did it. I changed the name, and since that time I've assembled a total of 700 clients, plus a private mail service in part for Yale University and the *Reader's Digest.*"

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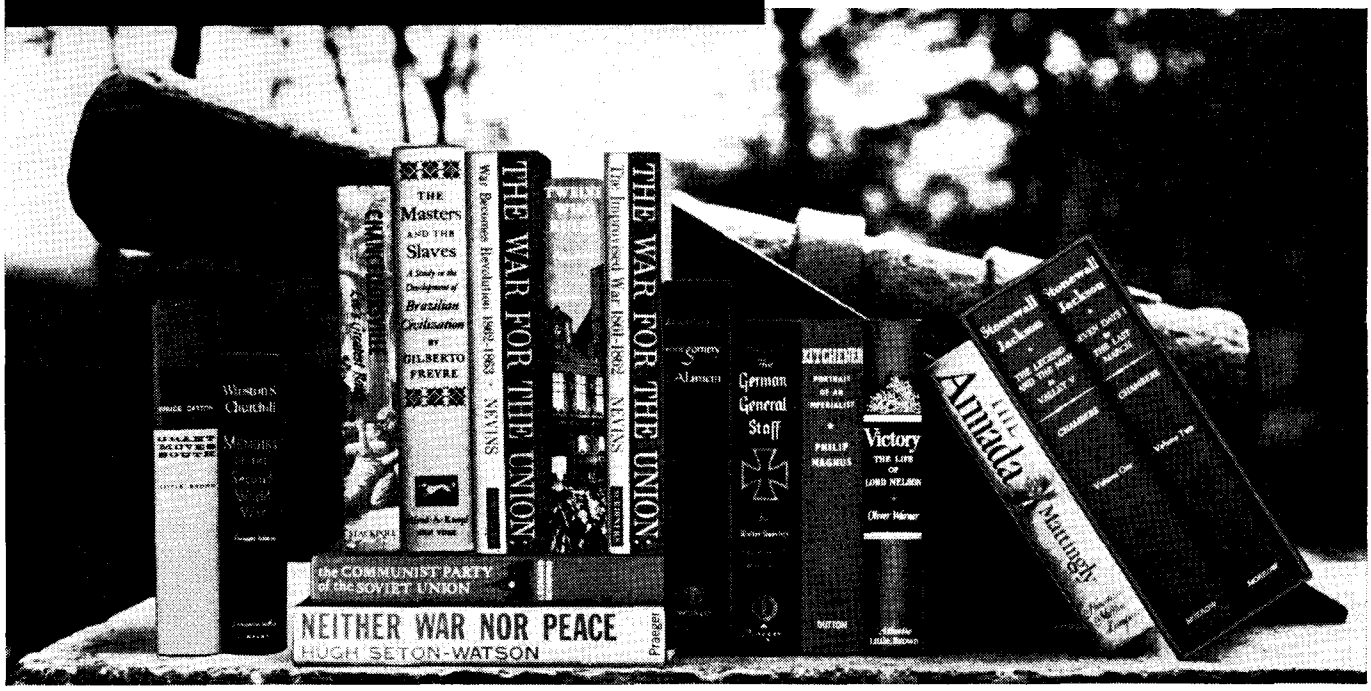

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couple of hours of sleep trying to explain his mission.

"With a stagecoach service," said Darrow, "it could at least have been a sheriff with a ten-gallon hat."

A STRANGE AND INTERESTING David-and-Goliath battle has been going on in the television field recently, where Goliath is furnishing stones for David's slingshot. National Educational Television, otherwise known as NET, has been making its uphill battle for quality noncommercial programming in the face of Westerns, gangsters, and private eyes, but not without support from commercial stations and networks with whom they are competing for the audience.

NET station WGBH-TV in Boston leaped at a chance to broadcast the Olympics when the local CBS station turned the event down in favor of a hackneyed commercial show. The result: the CBS outlet was hoisted with its own petard by underestimating the tastes of the public.

In spite of such setbacks, however, the commercial stations have shown a reasonable benignity. When Crosley Broadcasting in Cincinnati moved to new quarters, it presented the educational station there with its old but spacious studios. In the same city, the Taft Broadcasting Company contributed $50,000 worth of equipment. In Chicago, the CBS station gave its educational cousin WTTW $150,000 worth of equipment. In St. Louis, a similar pattern was followed. But the fight still goes on, because television costs money, and the NET stations—all forty-six of them—have to count on grants and charity to get their work accomplished.

One grotesquely ironic fact: NET programs have been praised to the skies by the New York critics—but the country's largest city remains without an educational television outlet.

BERNICE JOEL tells us she was looking through the new "Information Please Almanac" for 1961. In the "Celebrated Persons" section, she points out, the listing reads: Eisenhower, Dwight D. (Pres. U. S.); Eisenhower, Milton S, (Educator); Lodge, Henry Cabot, Jr. (U. N. Delegate); Nixon, Richard M. (Vice Pres. U. S.); Kennedy, Robert F. (U. S. Govt. official).

Kennedy, John F., didn't make it.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1398)

(RALPH L.) WOODS:
LADIES WITH THE LAST WORD
(From *SR*, May 30, 1959)

The free women of Rome forced their way into the Forum and demanded repeal of a law forbidding them gold ornaments, varicolored dresses, and chariots. When Cato predicted this would ruin Rome, the ladies laughed him down, stood their ground, and the law was repealed.

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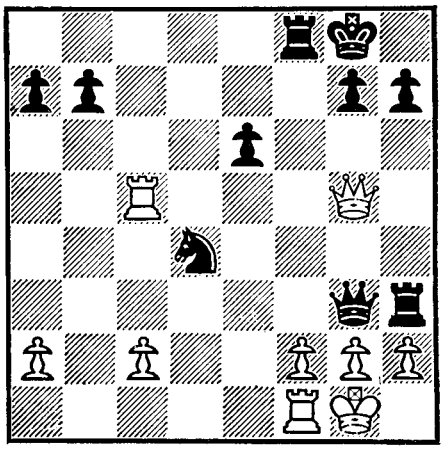
Chess Corner—No. 44

IT IS not strange that a game as old as chess should have its fabulous legends. Columbus's voyage to America, for example, according to one tale, would not have been possible had not King Ferdinand of Spain managed to retrieve a lost game (with the assistance of one of Columbus's well-wishers). A battle in the Revolution could have been won had a British general not pocketed a note during a chess game in which he was much absorbed, warning him of the approach of the Americans. One myth has made the rounds so often that it has gained wide currency through reiteration, even though there isn't a grain of truth in it. It concerns the famous brilliancy at Breslau in 1912 in the game Marshall-Lewitzky. On his twenty-third move, the late U.S. champion won fantastically by subjecting his Queen to capture in three different ways on one move. This was dubbed the most beautiful move ever made on the chessboard. Enthusiastic spectators are alleged to have showered the board with gold pieces. But Caroline Marshall, who ought to know, disclaims knowledge of even a shower of pennies.

FRENCH DEFENSE

	S. Lewitzky White		F. J. Marshall Black	
1	P-Q4	P-K3	13 B-R3	QR-K1
2	P-K4	P-Q4	14 Q-Q2	B-N5
3	N-QB3	P-QB4	15 BxN	RxB
4	N-B3	N-QB3	16 QR-Q1	Q-B4
5	KPxP	KPxP	17 Q-K2	BxN
6	B-K2	N-B3	18 PxB	QxP
7	O-O	B-K2	19 RxP	N-Q5
8	B-KN5	O-O	20 Q-R5	QR-KB1
9	PxP	B-K3	21 R-K5	R-R3
10	N-Q4	BxP	22 Q-N5	RxB
11	NxB	PxN	23 R-QB5	Q-KN6!
12	B-N4	Q-Q3	Resigns	



If 24 RPxQ, N-K7 mate. If 24 BPxQ, N-K7, etc. If 24 QxQ, N-K7ch, 25 K-R1, NxQch, 26 K-N1, NxR wins easily.

—AL HOROWITZ.

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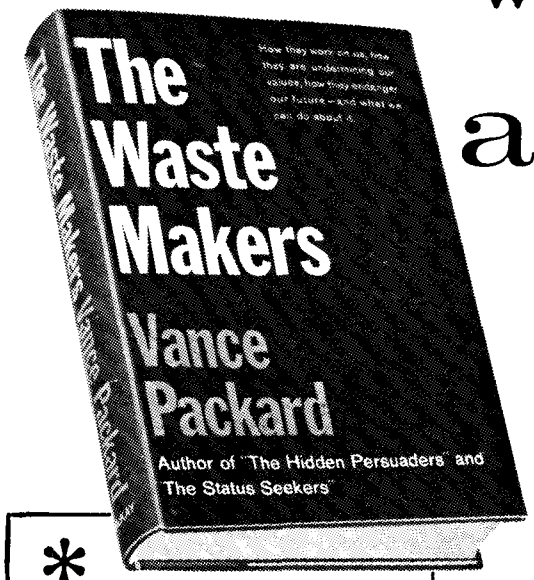

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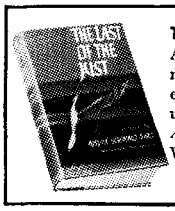

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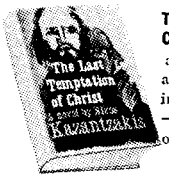

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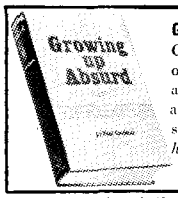

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Saturday Review
JANUARY 14, 1961

ENGLISH IN 2061: A FORECAST

By MARIO PEI, *author of "The Story of English" and "The Story of Language," among other works. Dr. Pei is professor of Romance philology at Columbia University.*

IF A modern-day Rip Van Winkle went to sleep and didn't wake up for 100 years, how well would he be able to understand an American of 2061?

It does not take a linguist to know that language changes. Educated laymen know that the language they speak was once Elizabethan English (a little difficult to follow today, especially in the pronunciation of Shakespearian actors), and before that the half-incomprehensible language of Chaucer, and before that the Anglo-Saxon that no one today can read, let alone speak, unless he has had a graduate course in it.

Yet many people fail to realize that language is also going to change in the future. The English of 1,000 years from now (granted that English is still a living tongue by the year 2961 A.D.) will probably be as different from the language of *Saturday Review* as the latter is from the spoken tongue of the Venerable Bede.

The big difference between the past and the future is that we know, or can reconstruct with some degree of accuracy, what has happened in the past, while we have no way of knowing—or so it sometimes seems—what course the future will take.

But is the last proposition altogether true? We know that governments, business organizations, even private individuals make projections into the future, based on present tendencies and trends. These forecasts do not, of course, have the same value as recorded history, since they may be thrown completely out of kilter by the unexpected or accidental. Nevertheless, barring the unexpected, it is quite possible for our government experts to say: "We anticipate that the population of the United States, growing at an average yearly rate of about 2,000,000, will reach the 200 million mark, more or less, by 1970." In like manner, a business firm may say: "Our profits have grown about $1,000,000 a year over the past ten years. Barring a major depression, we estimate that by 1965 they will be about $5,000,000 higher than they are today." When you estimate your income tax for a year that is just beginning, as the Treasury Department somewhat unreasonably asks you to do, you go through this process of reasoning: "My income over the past five years has been about $10,000. As of this moment, I cannot anticipate any sizable change. Therefore, I am putting down the same figures for 1961 that appear in my 1960 declaration."

IT IS quite possible to do the same thing with language, always with the understanding that some outside factor may come along to knock the calculation into a cocked hat. One such factor in the development of the English language, for instance, was the Danish invasions of England that antedated the Norman Conquest. One effect of them is that today we say, "Take the knife and cut the steak" instead of "Nim the metter and sned the oxflesh," which is the logical development of the Anglo-Saxon of King Alfred without Scandinavian interference. Another factor was 1066 itself, by reason of which we say, "The army pays out large sums of money" instead of "The here tells out great tales of gild."

A projection of the English language into the future on the basis of present-day indications is something like the predictions of an IBM machine on election night when only the first 2,000,000 votes are in. It can be fascinating, though many things may come along to upset our predictions. Nevertheless, despite the hazards, the questions can legitimately be asked: What can we prophesy at this moment about the English of 100 years hence? How will our descendants of 2061 A.D. speak and write?

By looking at the changes that have taken place in the past, and at the way the language is changing now, I think we can make some reasonable predictions.

Let us first of all recall that language consists of sounds (or phonemes, which are sounds that are distinctively significant to the speakers); of grammatical forms (like *love, loves, loved,* or *see, sees, saw, seen,* or *child, children*); of word arrangements, like the characteristic "John loves Mary," which indicates that John, coming before the verb, is the doer of the action, and Mary, coming after the verb, the recipient; and of individual words, laden with their distinctive meanings. Language change may and does occur in any of these four divisions: phonology, morphology, syntax, and vocabulary.

But the changes do not occur at the same rate or to the same extent in all four. In times of trouble and stress, when communities become isolated, or when an alien tongue comes in direct contact with the native language of an area, changes in sound and grammatical structure seem favored; when conditions are stable, sounds and grammar change moderately, but vocabulary grows quickly.

For this reason, the big sound-and-grammar changes in the English tongue took place primarily in the days of the Anglo-Saxons, the Danes, and the Nor-

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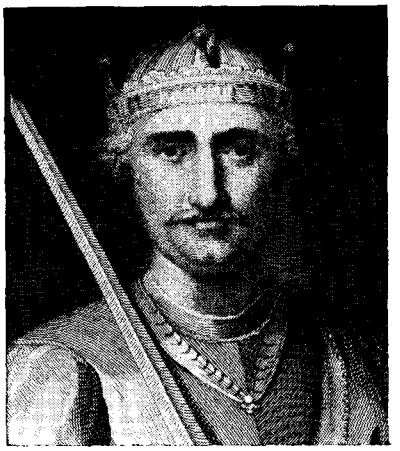
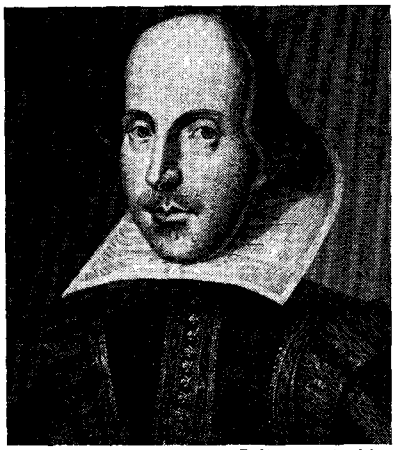
Would they have understood us?



William the Conqueror

Chaucer



—*Beltmann Archive*

Shakespeare

mans, then again through the troublous times that preceded the stabilization of English society down to the days of Queen Elizabeth I. There were numerous vocabulary changes in those days, too, but the most dramatic vocabulary accretions have come since the dawn of the scientific era.

Our projection for the next hundred years, assuming there will be no major cataclysm (such as an atomic war that plunges us back into medieval conditions), therefore involves a very limited amount of sound changes, a very moderate amount of grammatical transformation, and extensive vocabulary changes, mainly along the lines of accretion.

IN THE sounds of our language, the omens point to a process of stabilization and standardization, with local dialectal variants tending to be replaced by a uniform style of pronunciation. Indeed, it is likely that even the cleavage between British and American English will tend to be effaced. There are many reasons for this. Large, centralized government units, easy communication between speakers of different areas, widespread trade and travel, and widespread education all favor unification and standardization. This was proved in the days of the Roman Empire, when a strong central government, good roads, unrestricted trade among the provinces and a fairly good educational system (at least for that period) led to the use of a standardized Latin throughout the western part of the Empire and a standardized Greek in the eastern regions. Today we have not only the American Union and the British Commonwealth, with their highly centralized features; we also have highways, railroads, swift ships, and jet planes, bringing the speakers of the various English-speaking areas into fast and easy contact with one another; we have public schooling for all social classes, with illiteracy practically eliminated; above all, we have the ubiquitous printing presses, radio, TV, and spoken films, bringing a standard King's English and a standard General American to all readers, viewers, and listeners. The local dialects will probably never quite disappear; but they will be driven more and more underground, particularly with the new generations of speakers. Only those mispronunciations that have spread throughout the country, like *marjerine* for *margarine* and *Febuary* for *February*, will come out on top. As for the cleavage between British and American English, the tendency has been toward reunification since the First World War. Spoken British films were almost incomprehensible to American audiences when they first appeared, while American plays presented in England often were accompanied by printed glossaries in the programs (or should we spell it programmes?). Today, a British accent barely causes us to strain our ears, while the British have grown quite accustomed to the Midwestern voice. Actually, we are slowly and insensibly modifying some of our forms of pronunciation to conform with the British, and they are doing the same with regard to ours.

The pronunciation of the year 2061 will probably not differ very widely from the General American of our best radio and TV announcers today. There will be an elimination of marked vulgarisms and localisms, which will be looked upon as old-fashioned (Cicero, writing in the first century B.C., used such expressions as *rustici dicebant,* "the rustics used to say," and *rustico sermone significabat,* "in rustic speech used to mean"; his use of the imperfect past in this connection is a dead giveaway that these local forms of speech had gone out of fashion by his day).

In the matter of grammatical forms and arrangements, our language today is far too standardized to permit of much change. It is possible that a few stray levelings may take place (*oxes* and *deers* for *oxen* and *deer,* for instance; or *I heared him* in the place of *I heard him*). But despite the widespread rantings of the apostles of "usage" (however that much-belabored word may be defined), it is not likely that substandard forms will make much headway. The primary reason for this is that such substandard forms are normally in the nature of localisms. Such rank atrocities as "Them dogs are us'ns," "I seen the both'n of 'em," and "I'll call you up, without I can't" are too localized to survive the impact of schools and TV. The only grammatical changes that have a real chance of becoming part of the standard language are those that have nation-wide currency, such as "It's me," "Who did you see?" and "ain't." Judgment may be suspended for some ignorant uses in sentence like "I should of done it" and "I seen him."

ONE historical factor that may blast our calculations to smithereens, however, is the possible growth of a pidginized form of English for international use, and its influence upon the native speakers. If this happens, it is possible that we may get such analogical standardizations as *childs, mouses, gooses, foots* (so that all nouns may form their plurals the same way without exception), and *I did see, I did go* for *I saw, I went* (so that the basically simple

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English verb may be further simplified by having a universally regular past).

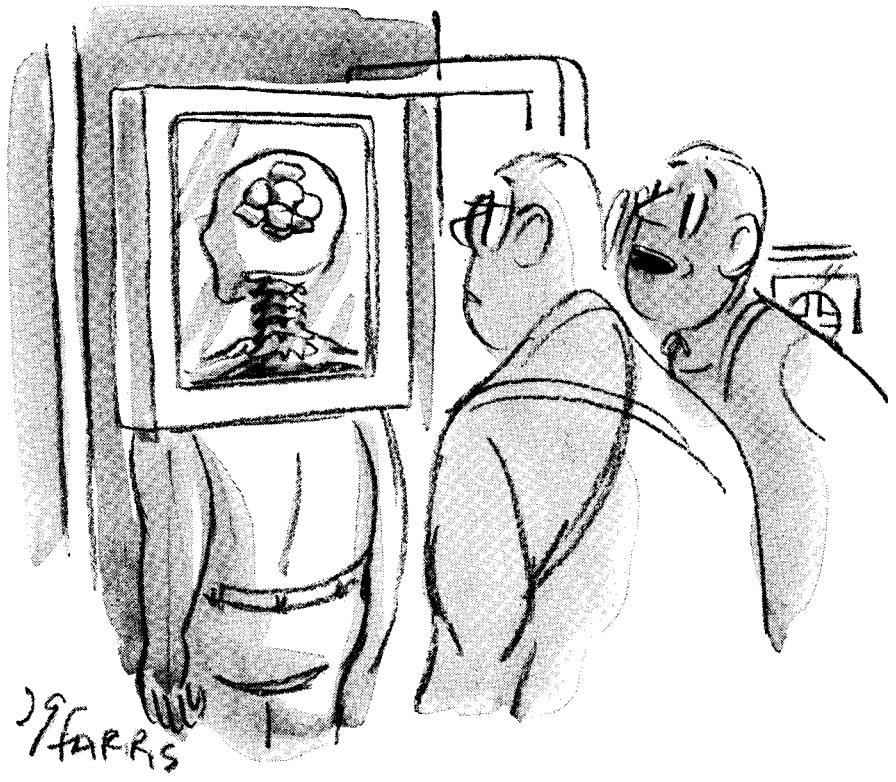
The really big changes will come in vocabulary. It will be the multiplicity of new words that will really make the English of 2061 a startingly different language from that of today.

Here there are several factors at work. As man's activities become increasingly complex and multiform, new words have to be coined, combined, borrowed, or otherwise created to take care of such activities. All we have to do is to go over the list of vocabulary accretions since 1900 to realize what is in store for the language in the next hundred years. Think of *futurama, micromatic, jitterbug, genocide, corny, snafu, gremlin, smog, zoot suit*—all words that would have been meaningless to Dickens or Edgar Allan Poe. Add to these the words of specialized fields of activity (*megavolt* and *psychosomatic, electronic and morphophonemic, isotope* and *positron, kodak* and *latex*), and consider also the words that pre-existed the turn of the century, but which are now used in a variety of new acceptances (*atomic fission, integration, featherbed, release*, etc.). It is easy to see that the language of the future will be only partly comprehensible to the speaker of present-day English, even if the basic sounds, forms, sentence structures, and connecting words remain largely unchanged.

The future tongue will sound, from the point of view of present-day speakers, somewhat like double-talk or, better yet, those nonsense sentences that linguists often construct when they want to get away from meaning and concentrate on form—sentences in which the sounds, the grammatical forms, the word order, and the connecting words are all standard English, but in which the vocabulary is imaginary: something like "Foring mests larry no granning sunners in the rones." Yet this vocabulary will of course be easily understood by speakers who have grown up with it.

HOW many of our present, current, everyday words will be altogether obsolete, or even archaic, by 2061? A good many, no doubt. All we have to do is to look closely at the vocabulary of 100 years ago and notice how many words were in current use that we can still recognize, but would not think of using ourselves, words like *drawing-room* and *trencher, conscript* and *sparking light, eximious* and *mansuetude*, or, to go a little further, *vocular* and *viduous, gossipaceous* and *dandiacal*. If we care to go a few centuries further back, we can find *deruncinate* and *suppeditate, whirlicote* and *begeck, yuke* and *pringle, toom* and *mizzle, jarkmen* and *priggers, assation* and *clancular, dignotion* and *exolution*.

Since the language of radio and TV, in the English-speaking countries, is largely a matter of commercial promotion, a special word may be in order for the future ramifications of the Madison Avenue tongue.



"Rocks!"

In the field of sounds, the promotional language tends to avoid, save for occasional picturesque effect, localisms and special accents. It is a powerful, perhaps the most powerful, factor in the standardization we anticipate. It is only occasionally that we get a deliberate distortion of pronunciation, like *halo* for *hello*. This laudable conservatism does not, by the way, extend to spelling. Forms like *nite, kool, Duz*, and *chaise lounge* are there to plague us, and to confuse the foreigner and even the native learner of English.

In grammar and syntax, the language of promotion tends toward those vulgarisms that are nation-wide ("like a cigarette should" is a good example), but not toward local or extreme forms.

In the advertising vocabulary, two distinct and contradictory trends are noticeable. One is the tendency to stress the short, pithy, monosyllabic elements of vocabulary, as when an earlier "If headaches persist or recur frequently" was replaced by "if headaches hang on too long or keep coming back." But side by side with this, we have droves of commercialized scientific and pseudoscientific long words, like *hydramatic* and *irradiated, homogenized* and *naugahyde, chlorophyl* and *duridium*, even *oldsmobility* and *beaverette*.

One grammatical peculiarity of the language of commercialism is the avoidance of the personal pronouns *it* and *they*, replaced with endless and annoying repetitions of the name of the sponsor or product. This may eventually lead an as yet unborn chronicler of the English language to say in the year 2061: "Personal pronouns, still quite alive in British English, are obsolescent in American. This is particularly true of the third person neuter pronoun *it*, which only the older generation of American English speakers occasionally use today. Instead, Americans prefer to repeat the noun over and over again, often with ludicrous effects."

BUT all in all, despite the multiplying of human activity, the advances of science and its nomenclature, the ravages of commercialism, it seems to this writer that we are not justified in expecting too radical a change in the language, particularly in its sound-and-grammar structure, provided the present trends continue.

Remember, though, that this picture may be violently changed by the unexpected and unforeseeable. A historical upset, a political upheaval, a military disaster may place the English language in swift motion once more, so that a century or two could bring on the same differences that appear between the Anglo-Saxon of Aelfric and the Middle English of Chaucer.

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Love and Death and Hemingway

By Granville Hicks

LESS HAS been written about Ernest Hemingway than about William Faulkner, probably because there is less to say. Once certain misconceptions have been cleared away, Hemingway's work offers few problems. In his introduction to "The Portable Hemingway" (1944) Malcolm Cowley pointed out that Hemingway is not a naturalist but is akin to Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville: "the haunted and nocturnal writers, the men who dealt in images that were symbols of an inner world." This is the most important thing to be said, the key to all Hemingway's work. Carlos Baker used that key in his "Hemingway," a careful, balanced study. Philip Young in his "Ernest Hemingway" went further in showing what it is that has haunted the novelist. Together, these two books well cover the ground.

John Killinger, however, has made a fresh approach in his "**Hemingway and the Dead Gods**" (University of Kentucky Press, $4). His thesis is simply that Hemingway is an existentialist. He does not mean that Hemingway has studied and accepted the philosophy of the existentialists but merely that the attitudes expressed in his work are consistent with and illustrate the existentialist philosophy. He has arrived at these attitudes by his own path.

In his summary of existentialism Killinger emphasizes three points. First, "the basic attempt of all existentialism has been to establish the separate identity of the individual." Second, "every man faces the choice of being a genuine individual or of being just part of the crowd." Finally, the good action is the authentic action, the action that truly expresses the individual. In summary Killinger describes existentialism as "this hard philosophy, offering nothing but anguish and a tantalizing hunger for an authenticity that must be rewon moment by moment."

In his analysis of Hemingway Killinger begins by emphasizing, as many critics have done before him, the novelist's preoccupation with death. As Philip Young has demonstrated, the wound Hemingway received in Italy in the First World War has been central in his life and in his work. This confrontation of death is repeated by Nick Adams, Jake Barnes, Frederic Henry, and Colonel Cantwell, and it has parallels in the lives of other Hemingway heroes. For Hemingway life has meaning only in the face of death, and Killinger shows that the same attitude is expressed by Sartre, Camus, and other existentialists.

In Hemingway's work the authentic individual is the man who can stand up to death, as, for instance, Francis Macomber finally learns to do. Thus Hemingway arrives at his own version of the existentialist doctrine of authenticity. Killinger also finds in his work an existentialist preoccupation with absurdity and even with nausea. (This point, I think, has not been made before.)

Although Hemingway is by no means a belligerent atheist, as Sartre is, the consolations of religion are not available to his characters. (Killinger quotes Jake's account of how he tried to pray in the cathedral.) But if the Hemingway

—Luis Quintanilla.

hero does not accept the moral teachings of any church, he lives by a rigorous code, just as the heroes of Sartre and Camus do. Particularly in his description of hunting and fishing, Hemingway emphasizes the fact that there is a right way and a wrong way of doing things. Ethics and esthetics merge, as Killinger says, and the good life is a life lived in the proper style.

Killinger treats briefly two other points: Hemingway's attitude towards social problems and his attitude towards love. Hemingway did develop a social conscience in the Thirties, but this, as Killinger says, was only a passing phase. On this score, then, he differs from some of the existentialists, especially Sartre, who makes the idea of engagement central in his system. As for love, the ideal Hemingway heroine completely subordinates herself to the hero, a state of affairs that Simone de Beauvoir has deplored.

In a curious lapse Killinger refers to Bill Gorton in "The Sun Also Rises" as Bill Grundy, and then speculates on the significance of the name, but on the whole he is a careful reader. He shows that Hemingway can in some sense be called an existentialist, but what is more important is that he shows the consistency of his work. Killinger quotes William Phillips as saying that Hemingway is "handicapped by a narrow, somewhat immature sense of the world, and he has never been interested in or capable of understanding many of the larger aspects of the human predicament." This, Killinger demonstrates, is less than fair.

On the other hand, I wonder whether Hemingway's philosophy has not created problems that have been too much for him. Killinger writes: "There is just one catch to the fact that life receives its real meaning when set over against death: for life to continue to have meaning, the death experience must be repeated again and again. The tension must be maintained, or the protagonist ceases to be an individual and becomes part of the mass." This has its literary implication. As we have seen, Hemingway has several times recreated his own near-death; moreover, in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" he has carried an autobiographical hero through to actual death; and he has confronted with death most of his nonautobiographical heroes. At the same time he has repeatedly risked his own life. The repetition Killinger speaks of can be found in both fact and fiction.

But perhaps there is in this process a point of diminishing returns, and perhaps this explains Hemingway's unproductiveness in the past twenty years. When "The Old Man and the Sea" was published, we heard that it was part of a much larger work, but nothing so far has come of that. All we have had from Hemingway recently is the series of pieces that appeared in *Life* magazine last summer, a work that seemed like a not very good imitation of "The Sun Also Rises" and "Death in the Afternoon." It may be that, for literary purposes at any rate, the tension cannot be maintained, and this suggests that existentialism, at least in Hemingway's version, is not an adequate philosophy for a creative writer.

Whether this is true or not, Hemingway's unproductiveness is a disturbing fact. But we must not allow it to lead us to underestimate what he has accomplished in the course of his career. He has written three first-rate novels and a score of first-rate stories, and even his lesser books have their admirable qualities. As Killinger shows, Hemingway has made himself preeminently the novelist of the years between the two wars. If, as I believe, his vision has failed to sustain him in these later years, in its time it has served him well.

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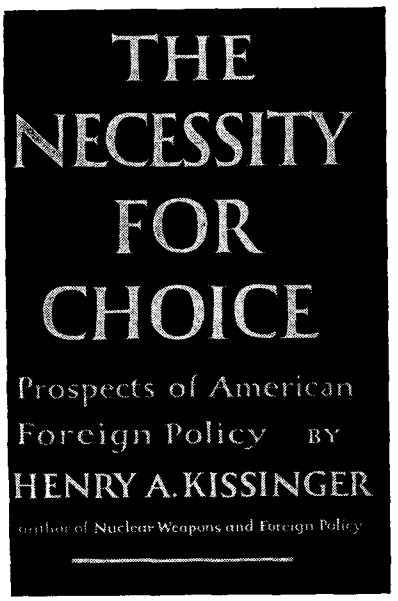
Book in the News



By Frank Altschul, *who is the chairman of the International Planning Association's Committee on International Policy.*

IN THE recent campaign the Republican Presidential candidate went out of his way to reassure the American public with the frequently reiterated statement that we have never been stronger. To demolish this and other widely cultivated illusions is the purpose of Henry A. Kissinger's book "**The Necessity for Choice**" (Harper, $6). A careful reading of his closely reasoned analysis can hardly fail to carry the conviction that in this undertaking he has been frighteningly successful.

However, the demolishing of illusions is only one of the tasks that the author has set himself. Having exposed some of our more glaring weaknesses which have so long been concealed behind a barrage of highly technical verbiage, he addresses himself to the overriding problem, *i.e.*, how are we to recover lost ground? As the title of his book indicates, he believes that while "our margin of survival has narrowed dangerously . . . we still do have a margin. The possibility of choice remains . . . we can still shape our future."

It is clear that Dr. Kissinger, like many other military experts, holds the conviction that our defense policy has far too long been based upon the concept of deterrence. There was some justification for this when we held the atomic monopoly. But after the Soviet Union had broken our monopoly, and had developed a family of intercontinental ballistic missiles capable of delivering atomic or thermonuclear warheads over great distances, this justification came to an end. The credibility of the deterrent and in fact its very invulnerability were both thrown into serious question. To re-establish this credibility and to assure a maximum degree of invulnerability have become matters of the greatest urgency.

To this need, as we enter the much advertised period of missile gap, we should move far more aggressively in the direction of the dispersal and the hardening of our bases. At the same time we should proceed energetically with the Minuteman program and should increase the number of Polaris-carrying submarines now contemplated. And for what intermediate protection it may afford us while these steps are being taken, the logic of Dr. Kissinger's argument suggests that SAC should be placed on an airborne alert and the necessary measures should be taken to assure its continuance. While Dr. Kissinger sounds the ominous note that "even the attempt to achieve invulnerability may furnish the incentive for a showdown," he has not the slightest doubt that this is a risk we must take. For only mutual invulnerability offers the promise that nuclear war or the unpalatable alternative of capitulation before the threat of nuclear war may be avoided.

However, once mutual invulnerability has been achieved, unless in concert with our European allies we have greatly increased our convention forces, we shall still be exposed to threats to which we have developed no acceptable answer. On this account Dr. Kissinger makes the strongest plea for a material increase in the conventional forces of NATO. "Many of the assumptions regarding the impossibility of local defense," he contends, "are either fallacious or exaggerated. In total available manpower the free world still is superior, and its industrial potential exceeds that of the Communist bloc by a factor of three. There is no reason except lack of will why Western Europe and the United States cannot create local forces capable of arresting almost any scale of Soviet aggression." A plea for the reassertion of the determination, of the will to protect the funda-

Leadership Without Fear or Favor

• . . . however dedicated we may be to arms control, it is important not to approach it with the attitude that a failure of negotiations will inevitably doom humanity. Such a conviction is bound to produce pressures for unilateral disarmament and therefore remove any incentive for serious negotiations on the part of the Communists. If the Soviet leaders are convinced that the fear of war overrides all other considerations, two consequences will follow. They will be encouraged to engage in the most violent threats in order to demoralize the free world further. And they will become convinced that arms control is unnecessary since they are already protected by the free world's fears. Paradoxical as it may seem, a measure of instability in the arms race is required to provide an impetus for arms control.

* * *

• Though we of course prefer to be popular, we cannot gear all our policies to an attempt to curry favor of the new nations. We cannot undermine our security for illusory propaganda victories because the safety of even the uncommitted depends on our unimpaired strength—whether they realize it or not. As for the uncommitted, they cannot eat their cake and have it too. They cannot ask us to respect their neutrality unless they respect our commitment. They cannot remain uncommitted and seek to act as arbiters of all disputes at the same time.

We thus face two contradictory dangers: we can demoralize the new nations by drawing them into the political relationships of the cold war. But we can demoralize them also by making a cult of their noncommitment and acting as if only incorrect United States policies kept them from taking sides. And the latter danger may be the more insidious because it is more subtle. We have to face the fact that in major areas of the world constructive programs as well as defense depend largely on us. Many tasks, if not accomplished by us, will not be carried out at all. Compassion, understanding and help for the new nations must not be confused with gearing all policy to their pace. A cult of noncommitment will doom freedom everywhere.

As the strongest and most cohesive nation in the free world we have an obligation to lead and not simply depend on the course of events. History will not hand us our deepest desires on a silver platter. A leader does not deserve the name unless he is willing occasionally to stand alone. He cannot content himself with registering prevailing attitudes. He must build consensus, not merely exploit it. —*From "The Necessity for Choice."*

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mental values of our civilization runs like a thread through the book.

In a chapter entitled "The United States and Europe" the author underscores the baneful effect an unrealistic policy pursued by us has had upon our principal allies. "In all European countries, the contribution to NATO has become almost the first item to be reduced when budgetary retrenchment takes place—thus implying a strange set of priorities: present comfort takes precedence over ultimate survival." Implicit is the hope that this trend may be reversed if in the United States an enlightened and courageous initiative is substituted for dilatory leadership.

In a brief review it is impossible to do justice to the broad spectrum of topics which the author discusses with keen insight. The reader will be greatly rewarded by pondering over Dr. Kissinger's reflections on such diverse subjects as negotiations with the Russians, arms control, and political evolution as it affects the West, Communism, and the new nations. The volume is entitled "The Necessity for Choice." The contention is that the opportunity to choose is still open to us. Essentially the choice lies between those comfortable but futile policies which merely pave the way to disaster and policies demanding sacrifice and dedication but offering the hope of protecting the essential values of civilized society from the holocaust of nuclear war—possibly even from war itself.

This is an eloquent and thought-provoking book. It is a call to action on a wide front. It is particularly timely, appearing just as the reins of government are to be handed over to a new Administration. If it does not reflect, it can hardly fail to influence the attitude of President Kennedy in regard to the most critical problem with which he will have to deal.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 912

ABL CDMLCA EDF AN GNHOPL FNHQ XNKLF WC AN MNPG WA NSLQ NKTL DKG YHA WA WK FNHQ YNTZLA.

ZWK BHOODQG.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 911

Reading is thinking with someone else's head instead of one's own.
—SCHOPENHAUER.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

With Fury Against Reality

—*From "Eternal Greece."*

"Respite," by Kimon Lolos *(Harper. 173 pp. $3.50), depicts the havoc wrought in soldiers when given a brief holiday from war. Kimon Friar, editor of The Charioteer, a quarterly of modern Greek culture, is now writing the screen treatment of Twentieth Century-Fox's production of Kazantzakis's "The Odyssey."*

By Kimon Friar

MORE than a year ago, when I was broadcasting in Greek to Greece over the Voice of America on American cultural subjects, I found myself, surprisingly, relying more and more for improvements in style, diction, or phrasing on the mechanic who had come to my apartment to record my talks. All I discovered from taciturn Kimon Lolos (and after I had become accustomed to addressing him by my own unusual given name) was that he had been born in Salonika, had received his degree in law from the Universtiy of Athens, and had written several stage and television plays, all unproduced. He was writing, he informed me with diffidence, a novel, but volunteered no further information. Now his book, "Respite," has materialized for me to review, and I find myself happily moved to recognize in the novelist the same qualities I had admired in the person: logical precision, a sense of form, condensation, yet tact, nuance, and sensitivity. Grand themes are compressed in the form of a short novel and leavened with qualities of which I had been unaware in the recording mechanic: a savage almost searing crudity that I recognized immediately as the counterpart of a lacerated sensitivity. Here is a superb first novel, written beautifully in a language not originally the author's, which in its concentration is more penetrating and inclusive than the more sprawling, formless volumes now in vogue, and which has more analogies in structure and style to Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage" than, say, to James Jones's "From Here to Eternity."

Two Athenian regiments, en route to the front on the Tomor Mountain of Albania during the Italian invasion of Greece, are ordered to halt indefinitely in the little village of Banitsa. The Major with his Germanophilia yet anti-Hitlerism, the Captain who strives to keep up appearances, the Second Lieutenant with his infantile eroticism, the blundering and comic Corporal, and the First Lieutenant (our "hero") are billeted in the home of the Popkas and their attractive young daughter, Stefania.

Though all these characters are incisively and individualistically drawn, it is the First Lieutenant who carries the theme, Wordsworth's "burden of the mystery." Respite, for him, relaxes the moral and physical fiber of a soldier and is only the cruel stay of an inevitable execution: "To keep an outfit in battle condition, don't give it a moment of comfort or relaxation. Keep it dead tired all the time, hungry, unwashed, and without hope—without women. And for God's sake don't give them that *entertainment* stuff, unquote." Around this main theme are counterpointed several subordinate motifs and one in particular that penetrates in depth.

The highly introverted, oversensitive Lieutenant, who questions even his own motivations, insists on facing up to the crude realities of life and war that a respite may becloud, but we sense he insists on this exactly because he finds it difficult to face savage realities. He resists all the temptations of a respite,

(*Continued on page* 31)

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Dissection of a Myth

"The Lives and Legends of Buffalo Bill," by Don Russell *(University of Oklahoma Press. 514 pp. $4.95), casts a critical eye on the fabric of fiction that bedizened the late William F. Cody. Former columnist Lucius Beebe is the publisher of the Territorial Enterprise in Virginia City, Nevada, and the author of numerous books about the Old West.*

By Lucius Beebe

IN THE Buffalo Bill Cody bibliography this is at least the most important addition to the bookshelf of Western Americana since Henry Sell's and Victor Weybright's essay in the field five years back, which aroused lively interest if only because of the improbability of its authorship. Mr. Weybright, with his Oxford accent, is a publisher of very Park Avenue dimensions, and Mr. Sell is editor of *Town & Country*, a periodical more concerned with fashion than the frontier. But no matter.

Don Russell more nearly qualifies as a fur pants man of letters by virtue of his authoriy as editor of *The Westerners Brand Book.*

Probably Mr. Russell would be the first to resent being called a debunker, since the mythology of Buffalo Bill has long since become as integral a part of the national folklore as the established and verifiable fact, but at least he brings a reasonable facsimile of critical appraisal to the fabric of fiction that has shrouded Cody since he was discovered by Edward Zane Carroll Judson, otherwise known as Ned Buntline.

Separating the wheat from the chaff of imaginary heroics, Mr. Russell has found, is, to a large degree, an ungrateful literary preoccupation if for no other reason than that Buffalo Bill himself never seemed to care what was written about him or, putatively, by him, if he ever read it at all. He was so much a showman that he realized there was no such thing as bad publicity, and early in the game accommodated himself to the image that was being created in his name. All he wanted was for that to be spelled right.

Perhaps the outstanding example in this book of Mr. Russell's meticulous scholarship is his handling of the death of Yellow Hand, which, subsequent to the event itself, was accorded so melodramatic a press as to suggest widespread doubts as to whether or not the entire episode might be the product of the overheated imagination of Cody's numerous biographers. Mr. Russell devotes twenty pages or a full chapter to comparative accounts of this single disputed episode, complete with footnotes and full critical apparatus. The verdict is that Cody did indeed dispose of the Indian in full view of many reliable witnesses, that he did shout, "The first scalp for Custer," as he removed the dead man's hair, and that he was in actual fact wearing the theatrical Mexican horseman's outfit in which he was often afterward pictured on this historic occasion. That the encounter was a formal jousting match based on the conventions of medieval chivalry Mr. Russell emphatically denies.

In dealing with what is perhaps the most flamboyant aspect of the Buffalo Bill legend, Cody's fantastic capacity for hard liquor, Mr. Russell is moderate, limiting himself to quotations from Gene Fowler and Dexter Fellows, both of them men well qualified to appraise the talents of one of the monumental tosspots of his time. The author omits all mention of the story to the effect that Buffalo Bill engaged in a fatal drinking match at Cody with young Charles Gates, son of Bet-a-Million Gates, on his private railroad car, appropriately to the young man's tastes named "Bright Eyes." Gates died as a result of the encounter and the Colonel said he was sorry. "Somebody should have told me he was a tenderfoot. He folded up while we were only in the second case."

Another fragment of the Matter of Buffalo Bill Cody, which is now coming to assume the literary dimensions of the "Matière de France" or "Rome le Grande," is the chronicle by Gene Fowler in "Timberline" of Cody's funeral in 1917 at Lookout Mountain outside Denver. Not all the old friends who attended were recruited from the Mrs. Crawford Hill set, and prominent in the front row were three old crones whom reporters were able to identify as one-time inmates of Denver's gaudier love stores in the years when Buffalo Bill had been a gay dog in the night spots. As the services went on, the sun beat down on the deceased's well-composed features in the casket and a slight mist arose to cloud the inner side of the glass panel. One of the beldames arose and unfolded a rusty parasol of long outmoded design, which she held over the Colonel's face until the services ended.

"It was the gesture of a queen," wrote Fowler.

This is not to find obscure faults in Mr. Russell's readable, accurate, and important biography so much as to suggest that almost nobody can be expected to gather up all of the Buffalo Bill legend in a single volume.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TOO, TOO MUCH

The following lines of poetry all use the same method of saying (in effect) "very." The endings of the comparisons have been removed and rearranged. Ruth Briggs, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, asks you to fit the endings to their respective lines to complete the comparisons. Answers on page 31.

1. Too full for —— (Tennyson)	( )	antique vows
2. Wore ermine too dear for —— (J. R. Lowell)	( )	a happy lover
3. O brightest! though too late for —— (Keats)	( )	last
4. Grief too sad for —— (Shelley)	( )	leaping
5. Ah, dream too bright to —— (Poe)	( )	my possessing
6. My dog and I are old, too old for —— (Masefield)	( )	roving
7. Earth is too narrow for —— (R. Middleton)	( )	sound and foam
8. By brooks too broad for —— (Housman)	( )	song
9. Summer, so much too beautiful to —— (E. Wylie)	( )	stay
10. Farewell! thou art too dear for —— (Shakespeare)	( )	an earl

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Historian on Horseback

"Frederic Remington's Own West," by Frederic Remington; *edited by Harold McCracken (Dial. 254 pp. $7.50), documents in word and picture the tough men and strong action admired by the author. Hal Borland, a native of the West, has written both fiction and history about the early days there. His latest book is "The Seventh Winter," a novel about Colorado in 1871.*

By Hal Borland

AMONG all the artists of the Old West, Frederic Remington is considered by some authorities to be the best, an opinion in which I, though a layman, concur completely. Remington caught the look, the feel, and the character of the place and its people with rare truth and skill. His art, recognized during his too-short lifetime (he died at forty-eight, in 1909) was downgraded for years but now is appreciated again. Perhaps this collection of his shorter pieces of writing will help revive interest in and appreciation of his skill with words. For Frederic Remington's writing was as vigorous and as truthful as his line and color. I would even say that he was the Hemingway of the Old West, a man who could be stark as a dead Indian but who also could write with robust humor. There is almost no trace of the florid language of the period in him, and no falsity whatever.

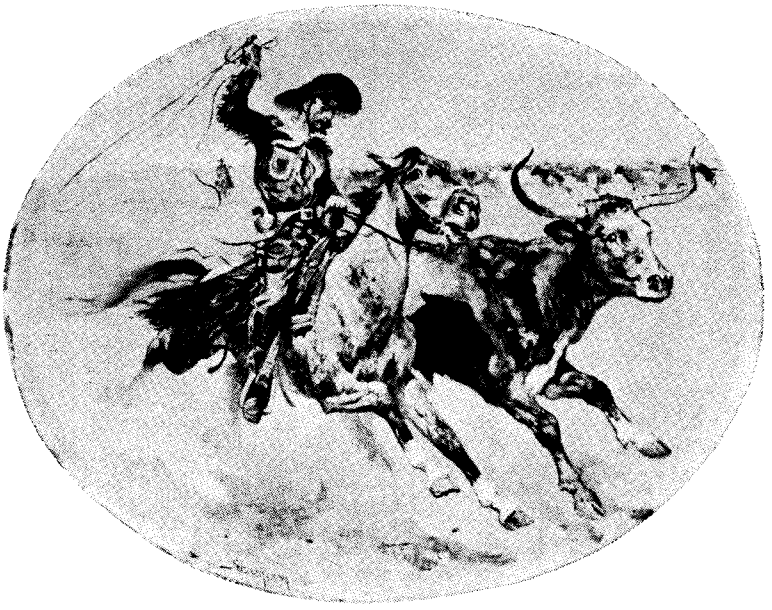
This volume consists of twenty-six short pieces, divided into two sections, "The Old Southwest" and "The Northern Plains." The pieces range from brief vignettes of people and incidents to extended reports of ranch life, Cavalry actions, and personal adventure. They are laced with more than 100 black and white illustrations of various quality but all with the Remington vigor and truth of action and detail. Few men ever lived who could draw horses or horsemen better than Frederic Remington.

Harold McCracken, who has edited the volume and written brief introductions to the two sections, has arranged the material in chronological order so that it presents a kind of autobiography of Remington's field forays in the late 1880s. It ends with a classic piece, a splendidly restrained interview with men of the Seventh Cavalry after the clash at Wounded Knee, the last real fight in our Indian wars. Some call Wounded Knee a massacre, and per-

"IN ANY historic recounting of the Apache war, the soldiers must come in for their share, although there are some folks who say, 'these soger-chaps is hired to do thirteen dollars' worth of fighting per month and I'll be blanked if I think they earn their money.' No man earns his wages half so hard as the soldier doing campaign work on the Southwestern frontier. He may not do thirteen dollars' worth of fighting every month, but he does marching which under special contract he might agree to furnish for $5,000 per turn of the moon. Altogether, the duties imposed on the troops of General Miles [foremost of the U. S. Army leaders in the Indian wars in the West] are as onerous and unprofitable as any within the category of military operations."

—From a previously unpublished manuscript in "Frederic Remington's Own West."

"Waving Serape to Drive Cattle."



"The Texas Cow Pony."

—Illustrations from the book.

"A Pool in the Desert."

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haps it was, but Remington sets down had campaigned with the cavalry. He what the cavalrymen told him, and he was frankly a partisan.

Two of the pieces, on soldiering in the Southwest, have never before been published. Both are good. Most of the material, though, is factual reporting and splendidly done, and, with one or two exceptions, the fiction items are equally fine. Only "A Failure of Justice" is really inferior, and its detail is good even if as a story it is quite amateur. Remington wasn't a romancer, as this story proves.

He admired the Buffalo Soldiers, the Negro cavalrymen, and treated them well in his reports. For that matter, he admired all cavalrymen, and he had high respect for the Indian scouts most of the time. However, Remington didn't particularly like Indians in general. His attitude toward them was typical of the day and the circumstances. But he had only bitter words for the corrupt Indian agents and for the basic treatment of the Indians on reservations.

All told, this is an excellent book, a rich account of the times, the places, and the people. And, inevitably, a portrait of the man who wrote the pieces and drew the pictures. Remington was a man who admired tough men and strong action, and he documented both.

He saw the passing of an age, and he recorded it as he saw it.

Bugbears

By Edward Watkins

WE ALL have our
bugbears

like the woman in manchester
frightened of cats
couldn't wear furs
even velvet—anathema

they started her with velvet
a thin strip which she rubbed
next a rabbit's foot
then a kitten that grew into
CATS

(it was her father she feared
not the furry creature he drowned)

we all have our
furry creatures
drowned
buried

with luck or a
rabbit's foot
they surface and
die

Time to Talk of Many Things

"The Sign of the Fish," by Peter Quennell *(Viking. 255 pp. $4.50), provides a potpourri from which the reader may select a literary portrait, a travelogue, or perhaps a passage about the writing of biography. An eclectic critic, Ben Ray Redman has for many years contributed to SR.*

By Ben Ray Redman

"STYLISTS are among the heroes of literature," writes Peter Quennell in one of the most scintillating books that I have read in many years; and he himself is one of the heroes.

He is a master, not a slave of style, and his style is so flexible, so remarkably useful, that it can serve a multitude of purposes. Whether he is drawing verbal portraits of such famous persons as George Moore, Edward Marsh, or Lady Cunard, or describing the successive stages of a journey from Peking to London by way of the trans-Siberian railway, or remembering a couple of trials for murder, Quennell writes with unobtrusive grace and unfailing effectiveness. The right word is always in the right place at the right time. Moreover, his style is supported by wit, and by a thorough knowledge of the best that has been thought and written by thinking and writing men in many centuries and many lands.

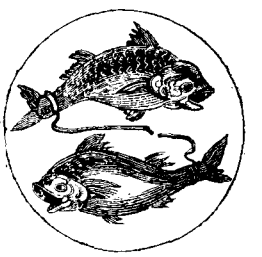
The description of George Moore, as he first glimpsed him, may serve as a sample of his pictorial art:

"His mind, evidently, was far away from London as he ambled towards Victoria or Chelsea—an elderly figure, neatly but baggily dressed, whose bent knees and slightly shuffling gait, rounded back and loosely seated trousers, gave him the look of a venerable Belgian hare walking on its hind legs. Beneath his silvery moustache protruded a moist pink underlip. His pale blue eyes, prominent and globular, swept the passers-by with a blank unseeing gaze."

There is a little bit of everything in this book, which owes its title to the fact that the author was born under the sign of Pisces, and every little bit is good. The pages devoted to Byron are as shrewdly illuminating as any of the many that have been devoted to the poet—a split personality who resolved the discords of his nature into the unity of art.

The description of the trans-Siberian journey, mentioned before, is one of the most evocative pieces of travel writing that I know. Few readers will forget the picture of the swimmers, whose sunburnt bodies had a golden effulgence as they stood on the bank of the river at Harbin, or that of Lenin lying in his tomb, a "diminutive central figure, caught in a flood of brilliance like an insect trapped in a block of amber. . . ."

In whatever direction he turns his pen Mr. Quennell writes with authority and with a command of language



—From the book.

that can be exercised only by a writer who loves language profoundly. Everything that he has to say, about the novel, about biography, about Boswell, Pope, Catullus, Villon, Baudelaire, Virginia Woolf, Colette, Gide, is worth listening to. A passage in regard to the writing of biography is typical:

> And then, the dead have ceased to stand on their dignity: the biographer need not profess an unqualified regard for the mighty figures of the past: all they beg is that, without necessarily admiring them, we should exert ourselves to understand them, and should do our best to restore them to life by re-clothing them in vital substance. What they require is an imaginative recognition of their essential human qualities.

In writing about the people and the places he has known, and the things he has seen, Mr. Quennell, like all candid writers tells us much about himself. The personality revealed is that of a man one would like to know; and "The Sign of the Fish" is the kind of book that one would lend to a friend only if one had an iron-clad guarantee that it would be returned.

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Image Makers of the Nation

"The Genius of America," by Saul K. Padover *(McGraw-Hill. 369 pp. $6.50), ranges from Washington to Franklin D. Roosevelt in articulating the political ideas that have been the building blocks of the nation. Robert H. Salisbury is an editor and co-author of "Democracy in the Mid-Twentieth Century."*

By Robert H. Salisbury

ONE OF the standard allegations European observers have made about the United States is that Americans have lacked facility for intellectual speculation generally and philosophical system-building in particular. With respect to political ideas, the argument is that institutions and programs of American politics have developed on a foundation of thought borrowed eclectically from various European thinkers – Locke, Montesquieu, and others–and adapted pragmatically to the needs of the American experience. Without trying to refute this argument, Dr. Padover has presented a series of essays articulating the intellectual apparatus of some nineteen important American figures whose ideas both reflected and helped create the American experience.

His choices are not unusual. They range in time from Washington to FDR, in ideology from Hamilton to Thoreau. Padover wisely includes men who contributed to the American political tradition, as Washington did, by providing a living example of character and devotion; men who, like Emerson and Whitman, expressed portions of the American dream in evocative imagery; men, like Calhoun and Dewey, who wrote carefully reasoned arguments in behalf of one strand or another of the heterogeneous fabric of American political thought. Practical politicians and philosophers, poets and reformers are here, and the impression one finally gathers is that if Americans have been less philosophical than other peoples, they have not lacked understanding of how to construct and maintain a viable political system which has served their values well.

The difficulty (and Padover's useful discussion makes less of this than it might have) is that in our national rhetoric, at least, we have learned too little from a fundamental shift in the ways of looking at political questions to which American thought has made important contributions. Padover occasionally points out that some of the men he treats simply did not bother to provide data to test their theories. Indeed, the writings of most of these men are shot through with statements of alleged fact which in the real world are not fact at all. Accordingly, many of the arguments (and political philosophers of greater renown often suffer from the same fault) are based upon either false premises or mere personal preferences.

The distinction is important, and it provides a basis for separating those ideas that are still relevant from those that are not. While some of the early writers, notably Madison, grounded their theses in empirically valid observations, the main break occurred in the late nineteenth century, when philosophers like James and Dewey, jurists like Holmes and Brandeis, and finally politicos like Franklin Roosevelt employed in one way or another what Dewey called instrumentalism, whereby the usefulness of an idea was to be determined by the consequences of acting upon it, rather than by its *a priori* plausibility. All the instrumentalists had strong value preferences, and instrumentalism was an intellectual method by which to achieve these goals more reliably.

THE method could be employed by them in behalf of any values they might choose, and on this ground it has been blamed for undercutting the sense of clear purpose and dedication to traditional verities which is supposed to have cast our society, rudderless, upon the contemporary scene. This seems to me nonsense. If verities cannot survive the admonition to hold them tentatively and test them constantly against experience, they must not have been very true in the first place.

In any case, Padover's essays provide a basis for discerning this shift in intellectual method, and a useful purpose is served thereby. There are, of course, matters of emphasis and interpretation with which one could quarrel, but the book is generally one to stimulate that inner reflection and debate which a good book should.

This reviewer found his thoughts frequently moving from Padover's readable prose to the currently popular game of searching for America's lost sense of national purpose. And, as regularly as the question arose, the answer appeared: that we have as little doubt now as in the past as to what ultimate objectives we seek–individual freedom, a productive and harmonious society, and the fullest possible development of our personal and group potentialities. The problem comes in achieving these goals.

An emphasis on sober, dispassionate examination of the consequences of alternative courses of action seems far more likely to serve here than the lamentations over lost ideals.

BETWIXT THE OLD AND THE NEW: In **"Becoming More Civilized"** (Yale University Press, $6) Leonard W. Doob offers us what he modestly calls "a psychological exploration" into what happens to people when they become more civilized.

By "more civilized" Doob, who teaches psychology at Yale, is here content to accept a limited definition meaning "more urban, more industrialized, more like the modern Western nations." He attempts no moral or metaphysical definition of what it really means (if anything) to be a truly "civilized human being."

As a result his book is a mildly interesting study in social psychology and cultural anthropology, but it fails to touch us in our central concerns. Doob investigates African societies turning from their ancient tribal and ethnic patterns to modern Western institutions and systems, and formulates a series of twenty-seven hypotheses about "social contact" between the Old and the New cultures.

Most of these hypotheses are trite or tentative or so open to qualification that they mean little. Their general level of shallowness is typified by Hypothesis 15: "After people change centrally from old to new ways, they are a little less likely to be dogmatic concerning the validity of their own beliefs and the goodness of their own values."

It is, of course, to Doob's credit as a conscientious social scientist that he hedges his study with so many qualifications, demurrers, apologies, and almost embarrassing modesties. Restraint and inconclusiveness are scientific virtues; but their prevalence in this book means a loss of psychological dynamism, of feeling for persons, of any existential understanding of the ferment in African society. A monograph, after all, need not be offered to the public as a rite of academic piety.

—SYDNEY J. HARRIS.

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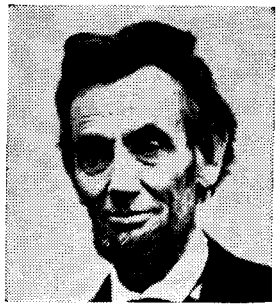
Four Score and Seventeen Years Ago



Less than a decade ago President Eisenhower's party preference was sufficiently in doubt as to inspire hope in some Democrats that he might carry the 1952 banner for them, while today there are those who maintain that Senator Kennedy is at heart a conservative. However, these statesmen are not the first Chief Executives whose political position has been subject to dispute. As at least one of the titles considered below by the Civil War scholar Earl Schenck Miers will attest, Lincoln himself could not wholly be identified with the Republican standard under which he marched to the White House.

IN MANY respects there never was a more reluctant Republican than Abraham Lincoln, who embraced the party that made him President for the simple reason that, politically, he had nowhere else to turn. A splendid biography—**"Lincoln's Manager, David Davis,"** by Willard L. King (Harvard University Press, $6.75)—focuses sharply on the dilemma that haunted old Illinois Whigs like Lincoln and Judge Davis when the revolutionary forces of their age swept away the political underpinnings upon which they stood.

All manner of dissenters, seeking to turn unrest, fanaticism, and bigotry into political capital, found a marriage of convenience in Republicanism. The two groups that Lincoln and Davis most distrusted were the rip-the-hell-out-of-slavery abolitionists and the anti-foreigner, anti-Catholic disciples of Know Nothingism. As a love nest of abolitionists, Free Soilers, and Know Nothings, the Republican Party carried the Massachusetts gubernatorial election of 1854, and Lincoln bluntly confessed his misgivings at such loose political morality. "I do not perceive," he said, "how any one professing to be sensitive to the wrongs of the Negroes can join in a league to degrade a class of white men."

Nor could Judge David Davis. A boyhood spent in Maryland explained only in part his distrust for the excesses of abolitionism. Like Lincoln, Davis was a lawyer who rode the circuit. He was devoted to reason and the solution of disputes by law, and he foresaw clearly that unbridled, irresponsible agitation could in time substitute an inquisition for these orderly processes. Certainly it was no fault of Davis's that the conflict ultimately became "irrepressible"; and he came to love Lincoln, and to work for him with mind and heart, because no other person he knew was fairer in spirit, more balanced in judgment, or more committed to moderation.

Willard King, who is a distinguished lawyer in Chicago, brings to his study of Judge Davis both the subjective emotion of the man who treats law as a way of life and the objective method of the historian who has sought diligently for new materials. His portraits of life on the circuit, the prairie courtroom, and the rough-and-tumble of politics in a nation falling apart have freshness and strength.

To Davis, Lincoln was no ready-made friend; first Davis derided, then grew to respect, later to trust, and finally to embrace with thoughtful conscience the Lincoln who gave the upstart Republicans their best hope of finding a middle ground. Long before the judge went to the 1860 convention to direct the behind-the-scenes high jinks that resulted in Lincoln's nomination, Lincoln was the man Davis trusted to handle his court on those occasions when necessity forced him to be absent.

AND high jinks aplenty went on at Chicago and elsewhere in the political conventions that pitted Lincoln against Douglas, Breckinridge, and Bell in the election of a century ago. **"Three Against Lincoln"** (Louisiana State University Press, $6) is a new edition of Murat Halstead's gem of political journalism, "Caucuses of 1860," edited with an intelligent introduction by William B. Hesseltine, professor of history at the University of Wisconsin. Halstead, who represented the *Cincinnati Commercial* at all four conventions that year, was a reporter "in depth" with a *New Yorker*ish touch. He could catch in a word how the politicians were talking themselves into an intensified cold war, so that no Republican in Chicago could express an idea that was not "solemn" and no Democrat in Charleston could open his mouth without expounding upon "the crisis."

The clichés captured the delegates and in time, in Halstead's opinion, nominated the wrong candidates, for Douglas came off with only half a party behind him and Lincoln won over the eminently qualified William H. Seward. What such shenanigans demonstrated to Halstead was the fact that "there is no honesty in caucuses," but for all his prejudice Halstead managed to capture as well as anyone ever has the drama of intense passion, high humor, and astonishing compromise that constitutes the American phenomenon of a nominating convention.

The point of course is that, in the judgment of history, despite the gin cocktails at breakfast that made Halstead's hair stand on end, the caucuses discovered and America elected a President who still lives in the heart of the nation. Each year continues to bring a new ton of books about Halstead's "wrong" candidate, among them this season **"The Real Abraham Lincoln,"** by Reinhard H. Luthin (Prentice-Hall, $10), a lengthy "one-volume history of his life and times."

Professor Luthin, who teaches at Columbia, retells the story of Lincoln from birth to the ultimate sealing of his coffin nineteen years after his death, which seems a pretty fair biographical span. No one can quarrel with Dr. Luthin's scholarship; he knows the events and legends in the Lincoln story, and with plodding intensity he places them in a straight line for the less informed to follow. There is, however, no poetic insight into the interplay of environment upon the man that one finds in Carl Sandburg (and which emerges also in Willard King's biography of Judge Davis); and there is precious little of the felicity of prose or the richness of detail making for lifelike character that gave to the one-volume biography of Lincoln by Benjamin P. Thomas the aura of a literary event.

AT least it is complete, and it has the prime virtue of keeping events in reasonable perspective. A world awakening to freedom surely must need the story of Lincoln, and, to borrow a phrase from Senator Kennedy, there may well be a new frontier for the Lincoln craftsman; in that event, Professor Luthin

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could become Johnny - on - the - spot. Whether as much can be said for Victor Searcher's **"Lincoln's Journey to Greatness"** (Winston, $4.50) is open to debate. Mr. Searcher addresses himself rather exhaustively to "a factual account of the twelve-day inaugural trip," and doubtless there are Lincoln Students who will be pleased to make the journey with him. However, this item is fare for the indulgent hobbyist rather than the reader of normal interests.

And perhaps there is a similar audience for **"Lincoln's Administration"** (Twayne, $4.50), a compilation by Albert Mordell of selected essays by Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles from the pages of *The Galaxy* and *The Atlantic Monthly*. These essays deal with Lincoln's nomination, election, first term, and re-election, and originally were published from 1876 to 1878. Their interest must belong to the specialist, whose tribe, many experts suspect, is steadily dwindling. Like Halstead, Welles distrusted the nominating convention that kindled "contentions, alienations, strife and bitterness"; but somehow America found Lincoln nonetheless, and still believes the reputedly whispered words of Stanton at the bedside when the President died: "Now he belongs to the ages."

The Eleventh Hour News

By John Ciardi

TEN THOUSAND vegetarians in Istanbul
demonstrated against a shipment of blood puddings
from Overseas Relief, and that started it.

Before Parliament had finished asking questions
Congress was on the street with answers,
and before the edition was sold out, the OSS
had proved to the CIC that the puddings
had been made from diverted plasma. The plasma,
moreover, though ostensibly donated
by the undergraduate body of the University
of Northwest El Paso (and clearly so stenciled),
had in fact been made by pulping wetbacks
in an illegal wine factory. Residual
impurities established that. Worse yet,
the shipment in question was a fourth squeezing.
—And in a very poor vintage year, mind you.

The President, informed by Aerial Survey Teams
that there was no University of Northwest
El Paso, had one organized overnight.
Crash priority. They stocked it, for a start,
with a brigade of marines and two companies
of WACs. The faculty, of course, was FBI.

That got around the worst of the embarrassment
(though the Mexican ambassador remained
persistent about claims for wine taxes
and had finally to be bought off). It could be made
to look like an honest mistake. It was even

arranged to have the U of NWEP Whirlwinds
win the Rose Bowl game that year. Nothing
was too much trouble, you may be sure,
when the National Security was at stake.

But there was still the problem of getting those
ten thousand vegetarian agitators in Istanbul
to shut up and eat their blood puddings
like grateful little carnivores. That took some doing.

The OSS tried dehydrating it all over again
Then mixing it with surplus Coca-Cola
They should have known how sensitive those Turks
are about anyone else's imperialism,
but who can tell the State Department anything?
Worse, the Bulgarians got their hands on a case of it
and were able to prove that venous injections
of the stuff killed sheep. That's when the Russians
started to holler "Bacteriological Warfare."
And there we were embarrassed all over again.

So we took the Coca-Cola out of it
(which was some process, believe me)
and we started slipping the stuff into
shipments of cherry pie. You might have guessed
that wouldn't work. Actually, the White House
was against the idea from the start
but the Amalgamated Bakeries Lobbies had this overstock
and managed to stampede Congress.

And there we were embarrassed all over again
with ten thousand vegetarian Turkish agitators
still howling, and this time barricaded
behind eight million cherry pies. They even
planted mines in some of them, as a result of which
we lost two tanks, and eighteen farm boys
from Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, and Kansas,
who just couldn't resist snitching a pie or two.
Our boys always did have that weakness
for cherry pie. Reminds them of Mom, I guess.

Well, by now American blood had been spilled
and anybody that can remember the Maine,
the Alamo, or Primo Carnera mauling Jack Sharkey,
knows what that means. Nobody
is going to embarrass us and make us like it.
Least of all ten thousand vegetarian agitators,
and Turks to begin with.
That's when we dropped
ten thousand commandos specially trained
in changing parachutes into Arab costumes.
Nobody knows yet what happened to the
vegetarian Turks, but all at once Istanbul
was full of Arabs screaming for blood pudding
and in no time at all we had ourselves
a propaganda triumph. Best of all
the Arabs decided to stay, so we let them take over
Turkey. After that, Israel was a cinch,
and Syria, and Jordan. And when Egypt begged us,
in a slightly Brooklyn accent, to take over the Suez—
well, you just gotta give the President credit.
It was his idea in the first place. And what I say is,
if you really want your freedom from them vegetarians,
it takes a military man to handle the hot ones.

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Saturday Review

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What We Don't Know Can Kill Us

THE other day we attended a session of the United Nations Security Council. The subject under official consideration was the Congo. But an even more threatening situation was dominating the concerns of the delegates. In side conversations around the big table, and in tense exchanges in the corridors and lounge, the delegates were discussing an imminent and sweeping threat to the peace. Incomplete reports reaching the United Nations said that the United States, the Soviet Union, and Communist China were involved in the Laos civil war. All three governments were sending in military equipment. It was rumored that a U. S. plane had just been shot down. There was even talk to the effect that American tactical nuclear weapons were primed for instant use. Communist China was not only sending in a mounting supply of arms, but was also ready to release military manpower to the pro-Communist Laotian rebels.

The news from Laos hit many of the men of the U.N. with sickening impact. Laos could be the long-dreaded torch that might send a sheet of flame over the continent of Asia and beyond. The three most powerful nations in the world, with sparks flying, were converging on a tinderbox.

Shattered was the 1954 Geneva agreement that ended the Indo-China War and committed the major nations to a policy of neutrality in Laos. The Geneva treaty, like the long procession of treaties that preceded it, was abandoned when national interest was directly involved.

Not the least disturbing aspect of the affair was that the reports were so shadowy. It was impossible, even for the U.N., to obtain detailed verification of what was happening. Enough was known to establish the fact that a frightening confluence of forces was in motion. Beyond that was a void. It almost seemed as though someone had snipped the connecting wires between human crisis and human intelligence.

If the men of the U.N. were struggling for want of fuller facts, the American people lacked even the meager information to ignite a concern. The day after our visit to the meeting of the Security Council, we picked up the newspapers, expecting to see blazing headlines about the grave crisis in the Far East. Instead, we found saturation coverage of the heavy snowfall in the New York metropolitan area. There was nothing on Laos, even on the inside pages. The following day, the papers and radio and TV news reports carried a story from Washington, D. C., to the effect that the State Department had protested the Soviet shipment of arms to rebel forces in Laos. Two days later, news reports from Washington confirmed the fact that the United States was sending military aid. Finally, at the end of a full week, the significance of what was happening in Laos began to emerge in the press, though it was still far from being front-page news in most American cities. And even those newspapers that did give prominence to the crisis in Laos had no direct news reports from foreign correspondents on the spot. Wire-service stories were filed out of places like Tokyo or Hong Kong; generally, these stories were based on monitored radio accounts originating in Communist China.

Neither of the major American wire press services had a staff man in Laos at the time the major developments occurred. None of the major newsweeklies or broadcasting companies were directly represented. Of what might possibly be one of the most portentous events since the Second World War, there was apparently little or no on-the-spot coverage.

Apart from the gravity of the crisis itself, one stark reality is clear. The American people can be involved in great events without even an approximate view of those events. It is almost a cliché to say that a free society cannot remain free without information. Yet the American people can ponder the somber fact that they seemingly prefer a news diet of the inconsequential. As a nation, we are exquisitely well informed on the mating exploits of our famed entertainers, but we have no intimate relationship with much of the news that affects our survival.

IN the case of Laos, what is involved here is not a government policy barring our newsmen. The problem is represented by the startling shrinkage of direct world news coverage by the American press. The importance of our dealings and relationships with the rest of the world goes up but direct access to such news goes down.

There are protests, and properly so, about the refusal of the Communist Chinese government to grant entry to American newsmen. But why should there not be news bureaus in those places where entry *is* possible? We are aware of the considerable expense involved in maintaining overseas news bureaus. But if it is impossible to provide reasonably full coverage of foreign news for the American people, then the matter should at least be faced openly. The inability to do the required job should be flatly admitted. There is no point in sustaining the impression that the American people are adequately served by existing foreign news facilities, if such is not the case. It is possible, in fact, that once enough people discover they are not as well informed as they had thought themselves to be, they will make demands it will be difficult and unprofitable to ignore.

—N.C.

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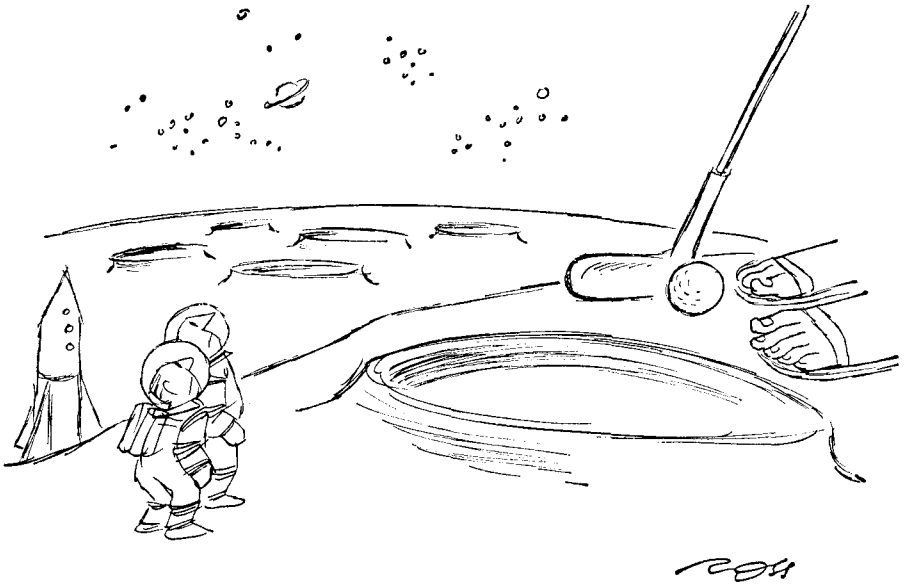
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



HOSPITAL IN HAITI

N.C.'s EDITORIAL on the work of Larimer and Gwen Mellon at the Albert Schweitzer Hospital in Haiti [*SR*, Dec. 10] is of great value. I am enclosing a check and asking you to forward it to them.

SR is practically the only magazine I read from cover to cover. The articles are of great interest and help in understanding what goes on in the world.

MARGARET S. TABER.
Madison, N. J.

ENCLOSED IS A CHECK which we ask that you forward to Dr. and Mrs. Mellon. It is money that would have been spent on Christmas cards and stamps. A developing awareness of world problems, due in part to N.C.'s fine editorials, leads us to believe that such action more nearly approaches the spirit of the season.

DUANE AND FRANCINE DAVIS.
Plainfield, N. J.

I AM SURE I shall be only one of many who will be moved to make a contribution to the Albert Schweitzer Hospital in Haiti. I only wish that the enclosed check might be ten times larger.

(Miss) CHRISTINE WHITE.
Norton, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Further contributions to the Schweitzer Hospital in Haiti may be sent to Dr. Larimer Mellon, P. O. Box 4, Saint Marc, Haiti.*

JEST TERRIBLE

ANENT Jerome Beatty, Jr.'s crack in TRADE WINDS about the Indian love song, "Whose Sari Now?" and Milton Riback's asking him to "stop making Sikh jokes," it's all sarifully, punfully disdressing!

A. A. WILLIAMSON.
Washington, D. C.

MATTER AND FACT

A COMMENT on the biased and almost embarrassingly naïve review by Franz E. Winkler [*SR*, Dec. 3] is called for because his essay contains an important error that is being more and more often committed by writers having only a superficial acquaintance with modern science.

Because our concepts of what matter is and of what the universe is like are changing, Mr. Winkler asserts that materialism is losing its scientific foundation. The fact of the matter is that, while the findings of modern science are free to be interpreted by philosophers in whatever way is pleasing to them, they can as easily be used to support a materialistic doctrine as they can a spiritualistic one. Attempts to do either, however, are doomed to futility because philosophers who do attempt such feats seldom if ever define their terms in the same way as do professional scientists, i.e., by using *operational definitions* (definitions of abstract terms by means of physical operations, or methods of measurement). Philosophers who accept these operational definitions, on the other hand, have been unanimous in agreeing that scientific statements based on them can teach us nothing about such things as "matter" and "spirit," which are defined in the language of everyday usage. . . .

Mr. Winkler's essay in fact contains so many errors referable to his lack of scientific understanding that it would be impossible to discuss them all in this letter. One error, however, is the statement that "belief in a divine power is becoming the rule rather than the exception among leading scientists." This illusion, which unfortunately is shared by a large number of people besides Mr. Winkler, is perhaps best explained by Homer W. Smith's observation that scientists who believe in a divine power often seem to make the best public speakers. These scientists are not in the majority, however, and usually they do not make the best scientists either. . . .

G. ALAN ROBISON,
School of Medicine,
Tulane University.
New Orleans, La.

WHICH-HUNTER

FORGIVE ME for caviling about a grammatical blemish in Louis Fischer's excellent article, "The Creative Peninsula" [*SR*, Dec. 10], but as a "that-which" fanatic I can't let this opportunity pass. The offending sentence reads, "The act of Congress which authorized U. S. financing of the Marshall Plan stressed 'the advantages which the U. S. has enjoyed. . . .'"

Both the "whiches" should, of course, be "thats." For in each case the relative clause is definitive rather than parenthetic. Unlike the senseless taboo against splitting an infinitive, the rule for distinguishing between "that" and "which" can help sharpen the language. Often it can speed the reader on his way with a clearer understanding. Let's launch a campaign which [sic] will restrict "which" to its proper domain.

C. W. GRIFFIN.
Denville, N. J.

PROGRAM NOTE

IN HIS ARTICLE "Intertel and Grass Roots" [*SR*, Dec. 24] Robert Lewis Shayon attributes the Kenneth Tynan program "We Dissent" to the BBC.

Strictly for the record, and in the best interests of accuracy, this program was in fact produced by Associated TV, one of the many commercial program contractors in England, and was broadcast by them, not by the BBC.

DENNIS SCUSE,
BBC-TV Representative.
New York, N. Y.

HOMECOMING

ALLOW ME TO express the appreciation of my household for the return of Fraser Young's LITERARY CRYPT. As others have written, we too turn to it first. We have worked at it from its first appearance in *SR*. Incidentally, we became subscribers to the magazine in 1926 or 1927.

J. L. BREWER.
Yellow House, Pa.

THANKS FOR bringing back the LITERARY CRYPT. My wife thanks you, my daughter thanks you, my granddaughter thanks you —and I thank you.

BANNER R. BROOKE, M.D.
Portland, Ore.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Pleasures and Programs

MAY I tell you what delights me?

The Bois de Boulogne
Pale sherry and almonds in the Palace in Madrid
Girls on Fifth Avenue in June
Magazines printed in Switzerland
Singapore plumeria
Savini's in Milan
Walking in a fog
Lord and Taylor
Summer stands that sell corn
Being in Hong Kong
Hot biscuits
Pushing a cart in a Hawaiian supermarket
Bert Lahr
Babies that smile
WPAT in Paterson, N.J.
Lighting a plum pudding
Marc de Bourgogne
Irwin Corey
Terry Thomas in anything
Hats with feather leis
Shop talk
British telephone manners
Ordering in a great French restaurant
Old thoughts of Maine
Max Lerner
Flying over a mattress of clouds
Small boys who say "Sir"
Pogo
Walking in the snow in mukluks
San Francisco
Roller-skate hockey with manhole covers for goals
Lumberyards
The dawn when it comes out of Queens on a foggy morning
Breadfruit trees
Coming home with five pounds of caviar from Russia
The view from Las Brisas
Copenhagen
Two weeks in India
Walking along the paths of the Halekulani
Passetto's in Rome
Grits with eggs
Design by Saarinen
Hardware stores in the suburbs
Chassagne-Montrachet
The first sniff of West Indian weather in January
Dinner in Simpson's in the Strand
Sardi's on opening night

Et toi?

SOME STEAM, AT LAST: Well, somebody is getting started on a Visit the USA program even though the main effort was scheduled for 1960. Come this March the flying Scandinavians of SAS will be dispatching a Visit the USA workshop team abroad to drum a few ideas into the crania of travel agency counter clerks in Frankfurt, Paris, and Copenhagen. The workshops will open each morning at ten, and thereafter for five and a half hours the travel agents will hear about the USA and how to see it on a reasonable budget. Packaged tours will be designed to bring Europeans to such centers of U.S. culture as Las Vegas, Florida, California, Arizona, New York, Washington, and Niagara Falls. The midday lunch break will feature hamburgers, cheeseburgers, barbecued ribs, and American beer.

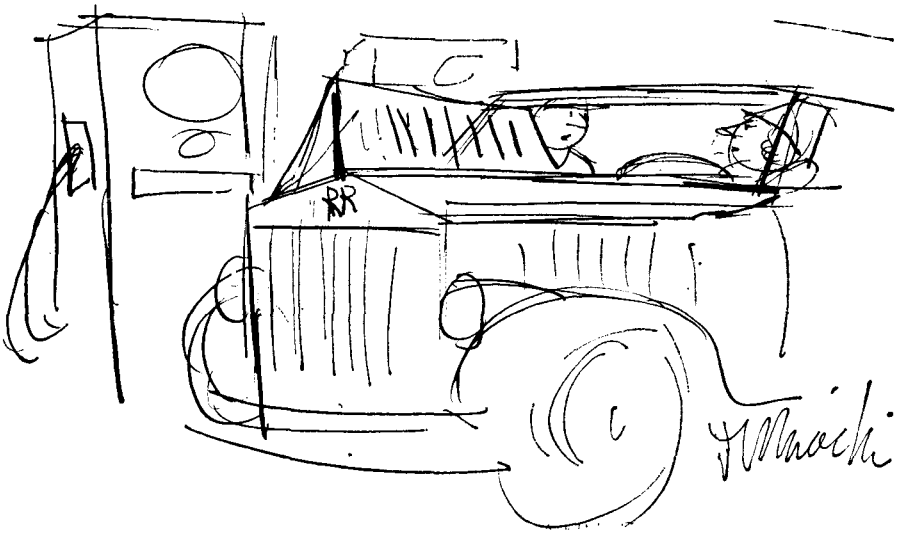
Thus inspired, the agents will come back to the classroom to face a participation session. Instructors, pretending to be European tourists, will confront the agents with typical problems in booking American itineraries, and the results will be illustrated in chalk talks.

The SAS people, who are calling their drive "a massive Visit USA program," are being joined in the push by American, Eastern, and Western Airlines and the Greyhound Bus Company, all of whom are assigning travel specialists to the cooperative movement. The U.S. travel people will stay in Europe during March, with SAS's offices to be used as U.S. travel headquarters. The target is a 300 per cent increase in travel to America over the next four years. To achieve that end a number of obstacles have to be overcome. The first is the impression that travel in America is expensive. SAS claims it can turn up good U.S. hotels for $4 to $6 a day. In this regard I wish they would tell me where, because that's cheaper than living at home. They also say this compares favorably with many resorts and cities in Europe. If this is so, I've obviously been going to the wrong resorts and cities. On the other hand, they do point out that airline fares inside Europe are frequently more expensive than similar fares inside the U.S. They offer, as an example, Copenhagen to Barcelona, which costs $100.75 one way. New York to Miami, which is just about the same distance, costs $56.95. What SAS, a transatlantic carrier, might also have pointed up is the fact that New York to London in economy class is $270 via jet, whereas New York to San Francisco, practically the same distance, is $152.46.

The other obstacle is the ancient bugaboo of U.S. visas. Warren Kraemer, first vice president of SAS, reporting on the results of an eight-country survey made last month, found that tourists coming from London, Frankfurt, and Paris were issued visas immediately. However, there is no standard. It takes a month for a Greek or an Austrian to get a visitor's visa, three weeks for a Hollander, three to four days for a Belgian, and anywhere from three to thirteen days for a Swede.

The Vikings were also busy making representations to that snarl of wire, tape, and worms known as New York officialdom. What about having traffic police wear badges indicating what languages they speak? And what about stamping passports "Welcomed" instead of "Admitted"? Well, what about it? Attorney General Kennedy? Commissioner Kennedy? Mayor, er, um, let me see now . . . oh yes, Wagner?

FROM MEMPHIS TO MOBILE: Two Europeans who came to visit the USA and



"Excuse me madam . . . I don't intend any disrespect, but your oil is very, *very*, dirty."

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lived to tell about it do that in a huge book that bears the catchy title "USA." It's published by Universe Books and it will cost you $15 to find out what's inside. The photographers, who are named Bernhard Moosbrugger and Gladys Weigner, are Swiss, and although they are billed as photographers they also write. First they write about New York, the old and the new, then they take a trip to Texas, they visit the West, discoursing in a catchall chapter on such aspects of American life as autos, religion, and Chicago. Right at the outset, in a pleasant enough introduction to a rather confusing land, they explain that the U.S. is 200 times larger than Switzerland and twenty times larger than France. Their research shows that a careful estimate made at the beginning of the last century indicated that it would take 500 to 2,000 years to colonize America. My, the early crystal balls were cloudy. They quote a traveler of the 1870s who saw a bison herd fifty miles long and twenty-five miles wide. Thirty years later there were only two wild herds, one in Canada and the other in Yellowstone. It rather amazes them, as it may us, when we think about it, that in the schools of New York, Puerto Ricans, Negroes, Italians, Chinese, Germans, and Irish salute the American flag. I am equally grateful for the odd bits of intelligence about why Wall Street is called that, as well as for the knowledge that there are 45,000 elevator men in town.

THE pictures, which are beautifully reproduced on coated stock, show everything from a burial at Arlington to Adlai on the Joe Smith Express. There is a photographic exploration of the Southern problem, an area of increasing fascination for visiting journalists. If the photographers were hypnotizied by the buildings in New York, they are long on yucca and agave plants out West. I don't blame them for their amazement over our Indians, whom they have photographed shawl-covered sitting on soda shop stools.

Aircraft, supermarkets, California and its farming fields, oil, and cowboys are the subjects. On this tour the stops are rather predictable, even down to San Francisco, which, like most Europeans, they love best. If they were inspired by that city, the pictures of the hills and the cable cars certainly show it. It all ends, like a predictable travelogue, with a splash of fireworks, followed, perhaps a bit anticlimactically, by a few shots of the departure from New York.

If I may assess the photographs technically, I must say that they are not works of art, and if they will offend some because they are usual, they are saved by the grand production that they are given. As for what they portray, the portfolio is a wide-eyed panorama of the USA that will stagger and excite the foreigner who dreams of coming here. It must also awaken any American who reads it or leafs through it to the belated realization that this is going to be a land of pure tourist fascination when we finally establish ourselves in the tourist business.

—HORACE SUTTON.

The Pleasure Saints

By Arthur Freeman

for Gino
"I don't enjoy enjoying myself."

ALONG one sun-emblazoned coast
from Naples to the Bay of Nice,
all lacquered bronze in bottled grease,
a million basted bodies toast.
The earth beneath spins like a spit,
and each Saint *Lawrence* turns with it.

At Massa, marble hills frown down
over the miles of white-skinned sand
where bake and burn the pampered bland
fair bodies, unto humble brown.
The martyrs beached at Saint Tropez
subdue their flesh in the same way.

Sportsmen, inland, bloom with bruises
garnered in the bowl and ring;
praisers sing, "The play's the thing,
and he holiest who loses."
(So *Jerome*, with a sharp stone,
cut his body to the bone.)

In the high hills, skiers slice
the snow with trails; and some may slip,
shattering foreleg, shank, and hip.
Skaters, gliding on thin ice,
may crack and plunge, and yet have waived
their safety, thinking to be saved.

Higher than these, on icy slopes
some mountain-climber tightly grips
a ledge with thumb and fingertips,
and pivots, prays, and treads on hopes . . .
Now *Gildas*, Saint of idiots all,
bless such a dedicated fall.

Tamerlane's Samarkand.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Good Table

THE REAL trouble with the American myth that anyone can achieve wealth and fame if he has frantic drive, finds the right angle, and gets one big break is that it is true. While some may complain that this is too serious a subject for musical comedy, Garson Kanin's new smash hit, "**Do Re Mi,**" approaches it facetiously with musical comedy devices and emerges as a frequently entertaining and often substantial evening.

The hero of Mr. Kanin's fable is Hubie Cram. We meet him right away at the depth of his ignominy and absurdity, suffering because he has been given a poor table at a night club he has come to for the sole purpose of feeling like a big shot. Underlining this irony in best Ionesco fashion, the waiters keep making Hubie's position worse by bringing in new ringside tables for favored customers.

Spurred to a new resolve, Hubie, in a brilliantly designed montage of scenes, fast-talks his "angle" of organizing the juke box business into a corporation. The whole process escapes the tedium that might accompany straight dramatic sequences by being done as a traveling jig danced to the refrain "It's Legitimate," which celebrates the joy of finding a crooked scheme that can be operated within the law.

Having won us with these engaging satires, Mr. Kanin throttles down and lets comedian Phil Silvers take over. Through a routine plot, Mr. Silvers works assuredly as a jack-of-all-zanies. He mimics the variety of dated performances you might find on the Late Late Show. His delivery is at one min-

ute neo-Cohan, at another Jolsonesque, and at yet another Duranteistic. And his antics as he supervises a recording session, getting the singer to relax and demonstrating to each musician how to play the songs, are hilarious.

As Hubie's wife, Nancy Walker makes the most of less material than she deserves. Her direct defiances of the inanities of a world to which she has long since capitulated constitute welcome comic explosions throughout the evening. Take the moment in a swank night club when Hubie attempts to justify corruption by reminding her that his ill-gotten gains have paid for the magnificent evening gown she is wearing. Miss Walker's mind cuts through the logic of Hubie's statement at the speed of light, and without hesitation she refutes it uproariously by then and there starting to pull the dress off over her head.

Best in the supporting cast is David Burns as an old-fashioned gangster forced to make his slow-burning peace with modern methods. His funniest nostalgic aria comes when, after someone has just received a telegram over the telephone, he growls, "I can remember when they used to *bring* you telegrams on little yellow pieces of paper."

John Reardon, as a handsome young record czar, and Nancy Dussault, as a naïve young torch singer, contribute a nominal subplot with strong, well-trained voices, and Steve Roland adds a frantic parody of the novelty-cowboy singers who keep popping up on best-selling records.

In general, the performers triumph over the unenchanting though workable book, and the undistinguished though pleasant and appropriate score that Jule Styne, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green have fashioned for them. They also fight for their lives against Boris Aronson's dazzling sets. While the latter are marvelously imaginative, ingenious, and eye-catching, their conglomeration of elements and mosaics within mosaics tend to be more effective at first impact than over an entire scene.

However, these obvious faults notwithstanding, "Do Re Mi" is funny and has something to say about people like us, which places it ahead of most of the stuff we've had this season.

THE announcement that a new show is about to close is becoming an intermediate step to the proclamation of "a miracle on such-and-such street." The latest such instance is the recovery of the Civil War verse tragedy "Borak" at the Martinique Theatre, which, we wrote in the December 24 issue, "had closed," but which is now continuing its run with the proud new subtitle "Miracle on 32nd Street." —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Largely British

IN **"The League of Gentlemen,"** a group of ex-Army officers (British) pool their military talents to rob one of London's biggest banks of a million pounds or so. Sound familiar? The same basic idea, of course, is to be found in "Ocean's Eleven," in which several ex-paratroopers gang up on Las Vegas and haul off a few million dollars. Slightly farther back in memory we find "Seven Thieves." In that case, civilians exhibited military-like precision to fleece a Riviera casino. In all these cases, or capers, it is noticeable that however cleverly planned the operations are, and no matter how great the ingenuity involved, abysmal failure is the result. Paradise is seemingly gained, turns out to be lost, and is never regained. While we should be pleased at these socially desirable outcomes, I suspect that the form itself is in danger of extinction, if only because we now know the ending in advance.

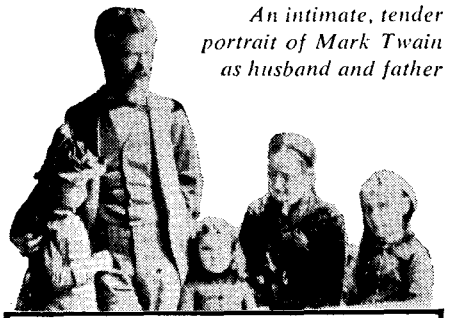
It would be too bad, however, if this kind of crime yarn—where the suspense is intellectual and the violence is held to a minimum—were to wither away. It offers opportunity for inventive characterization, for sharp dialogue, and the audience has the chance to match wits with the screenwriter. Modern, scientific, military precision is brought to bear upon the problems of gaining a quick, illegal fortune, and all the planning, forethought, and brilliant brainwork must go for naught, simply because the demands of commonplace morality must be served. Perhaps some other ending will, in the future, be allowable. I, for one, would be interested in what a man does with a bonanza of a million dollars that he can't possibly acknowledge to the tax department. What are the problems involved in psychological adjustment to sudden, ill-gotten riches?

At any rate, this is the kind of thing we don't find out in "The League of Gentlemen." Instead, we watch an excellent cast that includes Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick, Roger Livesey, and Bryan Forbes (also the author of the screenplay) form a military unit, live a virtual barracks life, and finally put their operation into effect, complete with smoke screen, zero hour, gas masks, armament, and transport. The spirit throughout is gentlemanly and literate, since they are all ex-officers, and no one gets hurt. The operation is successful, but there is that one unplanned circumstance, and the lot is packed off to jail. Something we knew, unfortunately, was bound to happen. Well done, old chaps, but familiar, I'm afraid

THE military mentality under civilian duress receives much more thorough attention in **"Tunes of Glory,"** a subtle account of the pressures of command in a tradition-soaked Scottish battalion. The easygoing, whisky-drinking acting-colonel (who came out of the ranks at El Alamein) is reduced to second-in-command by a well-bred martinet of an officer. The former is played consummately by an Alec Guinness wearing a red mustache and crew-cut; the latter is in the almost equally capable hands of John Mills. The two men work out their moody, tragic destinies while the bagpipes play, and the men of the battalion display the varying loyalties that represent the symbolic battleground. If the ending seems slightly hysterical it is probably because James Kennaway (who wrote the screenplay from his own novel) delayed too long in developing the essential point of the conflict: which of the two commanders has the stronger will to leadership? Neither, it turns out, for both crack under the strain of their struggle for dominance. If anything is proven it is that the traditional military life during peacetime is a luxuriant hothouse of useless pride and ambition. Ronald Neame directed this uncommonly well acted and interesting film.

Made under American financial auspices, **"The Grass is Greener"** is a Cary Grant vehicle taken from a successful London comedy of the same title. Grant is seen as a somewhat impoverished Earl whose stately mansion has been thrown open to tourists. His lady (Deborah Kerr) falls in love with one of these tourists, a Texas oil millionaire (Robert Mitchum) who wants to take her away from collecting mushrooms and half crowns. The funny lines are unfortunately too few, the situations are unfortunately too harebrained, and Stanley Donen's direction is too static to result in much amusement.

A word for **"The Village of the Damned,"** a British science-fiction story taken from John Wyndham's "The Midwich Cuckoos." Several women in Midwich are made mysteriously pregnant and the outer-space-directed offspring (who have strange eyes and strange powers) threaten to colonize our planet. An absorbing little picture that you may yet be able to find on some double-feature bill. —HOLLIS ALPERT.



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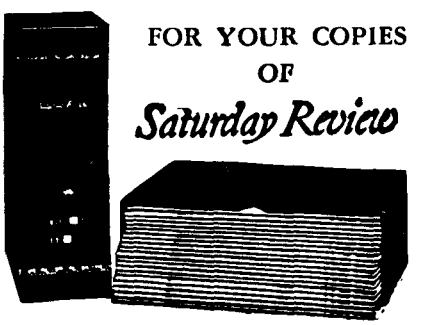

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Too Many, Too Soon

"People!: Challenge to Survival," by William Vogt *(Sloane. 234 pp. $4.50), illuminates the practical aspects of the population problem. Harrison Brown is professor of biochemistry at California Institute of Technology.*

By Harrison Brown

NEXT to the immediate problem of preventing an all-out war between the major nuclear powers, the problems associated with the upward spiral of population growth are the most urgent and difficult men and nations have yet been called upon to solve. Of all the persons who have attempted to create an awareness of these problems, William Vogt is among the most articulate. His "Road to Survival" (1948) exerted a profound effect upon the thinking of countless persons throughout the world, including this reviewer. His new book, "People!," is destined to influence the outlook of a new and doubtless even broader spectrum of readers, both here and abroad.

Persons who have read and thought a great deal about problems associated with the rapid upsurge of human populations will find little that is new in this book. Yet even they can profit from reading "People!" for an important point of view is presented. Mr. Vogt manages to transform cold statistics involving millions and billions of people into an account that is warm, human, and personal. His style often borders upon the poetic.

The expression "population problem" brings to many minds a picture of hundreds of millions of inhabitants of Asia, Africa, and South America, destined to live the rest of their short life spans in an environment that offers little more than privation and misery. Mr. Vogt describes this situation well: the one-sided application of medical technology, the difficulty of increasing food production as rapidly as population increases, the spread of discontent and Communism in most of these areas. He points out that these problems are in a very real sense our problems. Equally important, he points out that the problems are soluble.

Such pictures have, of course, been drawn many times by many authors of many books and articles. Were this the only theme of "People!" one might be tempted to dismiss the book as a very well-done rehash. Indeed, this will in all likelihood be the approach of those who are fundamentally antagonistic to public discussion of population growth as the dominating problem of our time.

But Mr. Vogt goes much further and considers the effects of rapidly increasing population at home. The prospects are not cheery. By 1975 our urban areas will double in size in order to accommodate a national population of about 225 million persons. Our highways may be jammed with 110 million automobiles. Problems of waste disposal, water supplies, and raw materials may become critical. Govenment will become considerably larger and more complex than it is today. There will be traffic jams not only on highways, but in museums, parks, and schools. Larger numbers of persons working shorter hours will place enormous strains upon our recreational facilities.

The problems of living in cities are becoming increasingly acute. We are nearing the time when one-half of all the children will be in indigent families. Juvenile court delinquency cases are increasing even more rapidly than is the child population.

Mr. Vogt points out that the amount of food that can be grown should not be the only factor which determines how large a population should be or how rapidly it should grow. Other factors—and here he stresses human and esthetic values—should be looked upon as being at least equally important. Privacy, the opportunity to stroll alone through the woods, to isolate oneself on a mountain top, to be away from the noise of the city—these are important ingredients for a full and worth-while life. He cites some of the horrors of modern Japan as being indicative of where our Western civilization might be heading. There one observes extreme congestion, lack of privacy, social regimentation and thwarted ambitions—all stemming from her rapidly increasing population and limited space.

Mr. Vogt points out that at some point population growth must stop and, as far as he is concerned, the sooner this happens the better off mankind will be. Clearly, if population growth is to stop, birth rates must be brought into balance with death rates. Since most of us are in favor of low death rates, we must of necessity be in favor of low birth rates as well.

The author, who is executive director of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, favors contraceptive techniques as the most effective means for lowering birth rates. He discusses methods now available and those that show promise for the future. Naturally, it is not possible to discuss this subject without referring to opinions of the Roman Catholic Church. He does this vigorously, but objectively.

It is hoped that his book will be widely read.

"Llet's go!"

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World Building

"Politics and Culture in International History," by Adda Bozeman *(Princeton University Press. 522 pp. $10), and* ***"Nationalism: A Religion," by Carlton J. H. Hayes*** *(Macmillan. 182 pp. $5), examine, in a historical perspective, the tension between nationalism and world unity. Harold D. Lasswell is professor of law and political science at Yale University.*

By Harold D. Lasswell

IT IS no accident that contemporary events connected with the rise of new nations are forcing themselves upon the attention of recently aloof and dominant centers of world politics and industrialism. Nor is it an accident that we turn for insight and understanding to the story of how we came to be where we are today. Professor Bozeman's book puts her in the van of scholars who are willing and able to provide the necessary orientation.

The volume is a masterful sketch of the predispositions toward international politics at the time the modern world took shape. The reference is to the fifteenth century; and the situation is described for the ancient Near East and India, the imperial system of China and Rome, Christianity and Islam, and the rise and ascendancy of world society today. However formidable her command of monographic and interpretative literature, Professor Bozeman does not relapse into discursive history. The test of every item is whether it exhibits the ideas and operating patterns with which the modern international arena began.

Why is this of such timely importance? Without doubt the most prominent features of recent centuries have modified, though they have not succeeded in transforming, many persistent and fundamental factors in the sphere of world politics. Today the latent strength of ancient elements in Africa, Asia, and other regions are redressing the balance of European-centered international life. The result is a spate of tensions arising from sources that can be specified.

To paraphrase and quote Professor Bozeman on a few points: It cannot be generally assumed that the peoples of all continents are, or have been, united in understanding and accepting the structure of international contract to which they have affixed their signatures. The constitutional history of non-occidental countries has not schooled them to think of such "preferred values as liberty, equality, peace, and unity" as indissolubly bound up with the methods by which they must be given effective application.

Further, non-Western peoples have become rapidly disenchanted with the Western myth of world unity and have retreated into their ethnocentric traditions. The "unforeseen ironical" consequences to the Occident of its commitment to international peace and unity are "emotionally disconcerting." "Unlike the non-Western nations, they cannot extricate themselves from the dilemma by retreating into their own culture."

Professor Bozeman's "Politics and Culture in International History" is sagacious, literate, luminous, and opportune.

Professor Hayes's brief account of his mature views upon nationalism is a useful companion to the preceding panoramic treatment. He and Professor Bozeman have their hands full without

turning to programs and strategies of action. However, they have put every policy-oriented mind in their debt by bringing into the center of the stage the historic roots and contemporary nourishment of the syndrome of parochialism. So long as this syndrome finds expression through the institutions of a divided mankind we shall continue to court disaster.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 7, 5, 8, 10, 6, 1, 4, 9, 2. Sources: 1. Tennyson: "Crossing the Bar." 2. Lowell: "The First Snowfall." 3. Keats: "Ode to Psyche." 4. Shelley: "A Dirge." 5. Poe: "To One in Paradise." 6. Masefield: "On Growing Old." 7. Middleton: "Love's Mortality." 8. Housman: "With Rue My Heart Is Laden." 9. Wylie: "Puritan Sonnet." 10. Shakespeare: Sonnet 87.

Book of the Week

Continued from page 17

refuses to shave, to bathe, to visit the whore houses, and, most basically of all, to respond—as do all the other men in varying degrees—to the simple yet genuine beauty of Stephania, the prototype of all womanhood, though in the four days of the respite both he and she react to one another in an undercurrent of repressed intensity.

In the moment of departure, knowing that he is going deliberately to his death, Stephania wishes to give herself wholly to this tormented man, but in the tension of his longing as he embraces her, the Lieutenant denies himself. He spurns with contempt the intellectualized motives of "perpetuation of the species," personal immortality in the extension of offspring, and even the normal, physical impulse of man to possess a woman on the eve of death. Why did he stop? To spare her? In cosmic protest? He cries out his defiance to the Enemy who created both him and the universe, who created the biological inequality between the sexes where the man always conquers and the woman always submits. His pride in self and his fury against reality permit him to conquer only that he may reject the victory with compassion and contempt, that he may reject the girl, reprieve, or anything else in a universe ruled by conflict, whether that of nation against nation, male against female, dictator against dictator, father against son, Creator against his own creation. The First Lieutenant is an Angry Young Man, but, unlike the beatniks or the Dharma Bums, he utilizes the precisions, stylizations, and civilized graces of his own culture by which to detonate it.

As he rejects Stephania and the reprive of Banitsa, the Lieutenant cries out: "O Daddy of us all, why couldn't we love only one woman, hate no man, and live one holy, catholic, and apostolic life in the eon of eons without ifs, ands or buts?" This is the cry of the civilized ideal that man has superimposed on his animal nature, and this is the true theme of this book—not the reprieve of a few days in one particular war, but the greater conflict in which man involves himself by creating his own spiritual values in an unspiritual world he never made.

In his poem "Man" Stephen Crane wrote: "A man said to the universe /'Sir, I exist!'/ 'However,' replied the universe,/'The fact has not created in me/A sense of obligation.'" It is man who in an indifferent universe has created for himself and toward his fellow creatures a sense of tormenting obliga-

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tion. This is the Lieutenant's true dilemma. As a student he stole some fugitive moments from his study of law at the university to join in harmony with a band of revelers. Ever since, he has surreptitiously sought this harmony amid the inexorable discords of the universe, amid "the army of unalterable Law," in George Meredith's phrase. Having once conceived of ethical and spiritual values, the absolute man is trapped in nature's indifference to such harmonies, and by his fellow man's perversion of these values into communal suicide. Yet within the complex analysis of his motivations, he recognizes that he owes his own life and his own spiritual freedom to the common, brutal soldier, such as the Corporal, who does not "attempt to freeze life into a still picture of absolute reason, justice and beauty." For the Lieutenant, his soldiers were the "components of his infatuation with immortal harmony," and the only thing he ever liked about the army was "the mathematical poetry of its pace," for it gave "tempo and order to the haphazardness of death."

Such painful realization is the Lieutenant's red badge of courage, and it only remains to say, in irony, that Kimon Lolos holds from the Greek Government the War Cross, the Silver Cross, the Meritorious Services Medal, and the Memorial Medal. If the Lieutenant were to write a novel about his experiences, and had the talents of a Kimon Lolos, he would discover that it is the artist who on the "haphazardness of death" imposes the "tempo and order" of his own stubborn will. I do not know what the Lieutenant might have done, but Kimon Lolos in his splendid first novel has struck chords of that "immortal harmony" which the Lieutenant could not find in life.

WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN: After an interval that now approaches three years, Maurice Druon has at last brought out a new instalment of his able and intriguing portrayal of the later Capetian kings—and also of their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. In **"The She-Wolf of France"** (translated by Humphrey Hare; Scribners, $4.50) he shows that he has not only retained all his old incisiveness and power but achieved versatility as well. Possibly the most outstanding contemporary creator of historical fiction, M. Druon should if anything increase his reputation with this latest of his novels. For if in the earlier books of the series he was perceptive, lucid, and uncompromising in his sometimes almost shocking realism, he has now added a warmer note of sympathy and understanding.

Druon has also greatly augmented his descriptive powers. Medieval Paris during each of its four seasons, La Réole on its rocky hilltop overlooking the Garonne, papal Avignon, Dordrecht on the Meuse, the seagulls and the tidal flats of Harwich, and the almost Edgar Allan Poe-like oubliette at Berkley Castle—all these are not only well done but are unusually welcome, coming as they do from the pen of an author whose vividly drawn characters have previously often seemed as if they were playing on an empty stage.

Besides that, Druon has chosen a story more familiar to English readers. To be sure, many of the old characters reappear. We still have Charles of Valois, Dante's *altro Carlo* who "jousted with the lance of Judas" and sent the poet into his productive exile. We still have the able, subtle-minded, but by no means spiritual Pope John XXII. We still have the shrewd and powerful Lombard moneylender, Spinello Tolomei, with his sinister drooping eyelid. We still have the array of kings, queens, dowager queens, princes, princesses, noblemen and noblewomen whose history Spinello made.

But basically this is the story told by Christopher Marlowe in his one play that compares with Shakespeare. It is the story of King Edward II and of "the proud corruptors of the light-brained king"—*i.e.*, his catamite favorites. It is the story of his "miserable and distresséd queen," Isabella of France.

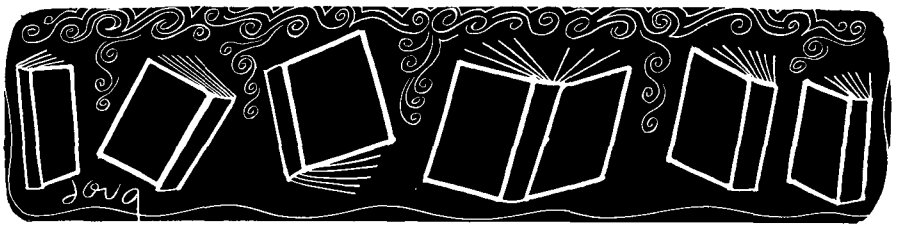
It is a brutal story, a story of woman's inhumanity to man, and it is told without mincing any words, but also with a charitable comprehension. Isabella's "little carnivore teeth" comported with her character but that character was fashioned by the tragedy of her life.

The subject of M. Druon's best book is not only good fiction but illuminating history. —Thomas C. Chubb.

ABRAHAM UPDATED: Nicholas Wyckoff has followed his first popular historical novel, "The Braintree Mission," with a nineteenth-century romance set on the western frontier of Illinois and Missouri in those turbulent years of religious fervor, settlement, and migration between 1846 and 1853. Perhaps "romance" is not quite the right word. The triangular relationship of the hero with two women—a barren wife and a fruitful "concubine"—is portrayed in **"The Corinthians"** (Macmillan, $4.50) against a background of concern for marriage customs that would deprive a man of heirs in a society that honors ambition and fecundity but condemns incontinence.

If such a problem appears outdated today, it comes historically alive in Mr. Wyckoff's novel by being posed against the attitudes of two conflicting religious groups, The Disciples of Christ, with their reverence for primitive Christianity and their suspicion of sex, and the Mormons, fruitful both in the working of their land and in their polygamous marriages. Implicit, and perhaps more pronounced than the author intended, is the suggestion that, had his married couple, Simon and Clorinda Weddle, been amenable to Mormon beliefs, their problem could have been solved. Indeed, at the end of the novel, where Clorinda accepts the children of her husband's mistress, we have a kind of muted argument for polygamy, appealing not only to the Mormon example but beyond to the story of Abraham. Simon Weddle is a modern Abraham, Clorinda is the barren Sarah, and Simon's mistress, Rachel, is another Hagar in Canaan; but the western frontier is not Canaan and the Campbellite church is not the religion of Abraham—hence the drama of this modern telling of the old story.

Nicholas Wyckoff is a good storyteller, and his historical background, with its depiction of two antagonistic religious sects, its portrayal of the settlement of the land and the burgeoning mercantile traffic that fed the settlements, is well and accurately documented. What one wishes is that the implications of Mr. Wyckoff's theme had been given a deeper development, psychologically and ideologically. One wishes, too, that the style were a little less commonplace. Yet to wish as much represents, I suspect, a regret that the story has not been written by an author with the abilities of a William Faulkner or a Walter Van Tilburg Clark. Mr. Wyckoff's abilities are not of this order. He is a competent craftsman who has told an interesting and diverting story. He has not written a masterpiece. —Ray B. West, Jr.



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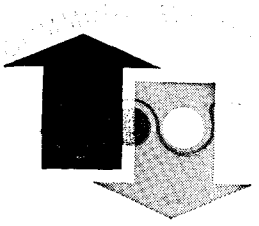
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



SR/COMMUNICATIONS

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The Price Is Wrong

IN NOVEMBER, 1956, the National Broadcasting Company quietly began broadcast of a new television program called "The Price Is Right." The principle of this show, in case you haven't yet caught it, is bidding by a panel of four men and women for high-priced items up for "auction." The contestant who comes closest to the correct price of each item without going over it wins the item, usually a substantial piece of merchandise. Powerboats, trailers, automobiles, expensive jewelry and furs, completely furnished rooms, even houses and lots are among the items Bill Cullen and crew display before the drooling contestants, one of whom becomes "champion" and returns next week to add to his or her five-figure loot.

The program went to nighttime TV in September, 1957, an inevitable result of its appeal to that side of the American which simply has to know the price of everything and gets vicarious pleasure out of someone else's winning a mink coat or a Thunderbird. In an increasingly materialistic society such a TV program could not fail, and it has succeeded magnificently, at least if ratings and enormous cost of production are measures of success. The latest figures place "The Price Is Right" in the top ten TV shows at approximately 27 rating, mighty close to "Gunsmoke," which is highest rated at 39, and "Wagon Train," which rates a 35.

In other words, the incessant emphasis of this show on material knowledge, on knowing precisely how much a cabin cruiser or a rumpus room full of furniture ought to cost, not only appeals to the great U.S. television audience but seems to say to them that such things are of overwhelming importance. This was disturbing enough in its first four years on the air. As the fabulous prizes increased in grandeur and price, the screaming (the audience keeps shouting "higher," "higher," "freeze," etc.) reached such decibel heights that one couldn't hear the bidding. You began to wonder, watching it, if it were really worth all that energy and emotion at the other end of the camera (color TV was added as the show became enriched). You also began to feel just ever so slightly nauseated at the contorted faces of the panelists as they won or lost.

Just before Christmas, however, the good clean fun ended for keeps, at least for this correspondent. Flanking the usual four adults this jolly Wednesday evening were four small children who were asked to outbid one another for a sort of mechanical toy motorama of fabulous proportions, a portable table on which trucks and autos moved racily up, around, and through wondrous obstacles, like a super-fancy model train set. Audience participation was almost continuous as one childish bid after another raised the "auction" price $50 at a clip. In fact, when the bidding had reached several hundred dollars (which I'm sure all the children present and viewing were accustomed to carrying with them), gongs and buzzers drowned the screaming of the audience and Mr. Cullen's shaking fingers tore at the fateful envelope which contained the true price of the splendid object at hand. The children all came mighty

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close to it, at that, but it seemed to us that we would have been more impressed if the winner had named the four countries of Oz, the composer of "Peter and the Wolf," or the author of "The Wonder Clock."

All four tots apparently passed off the shattering emotional experience (of winning, losing, or simply bidding several hundred dollars for a toy) with such nonchalance we began to wonder where our own childhood went astray. We could not help conjecturing which of these self-contained and materially wise children may have opened their own Christmas gifts and sneered at their parents, "What's the idea giving me a doll worth only $9.95 at any good toy store?" But, then, the world of television programming is the world of the future and, in consequence, it leaves us old-fashioned gaffers behind with memories of Christmas gifts that cost only a couple of dollars yet contained beneath their hand-made wrappings more happiness than anything in today's whole synthetic wonderworld of twisted values.

—Richard L. Tobin.

Introducing New By-Liners

Rudolf Flesch, Vienna born and now an American citizen, is a Columbia University Ph.D. and an avid language watcher. His "Why Johnny Can't Read" burst upon the American public in 1955 and made Dr. Flesch famous within a week. Other Flesch books include "The Art of Plain Talk," "The Art of Readable Writing," and "A New Way to Better English." Dr. Flesch lives with his large family in Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., and also writes a syndicated newspaper column called "Conversation Piece."

Wilbur Cross, whose famous name also belonged to his grandfather, former Governor of Connecticut, is a free-lance writer and *Life* staffer whose by-line appears more and more frequently in books and national publications. He was once a copywriter at Benton and Bowles, is married, and lives in Bronxville, N. Y.

Ruta E. Hauser has her doctorate in political economy but is a lawyer by trade, specializing in the field of copyright. Mrs. Hauser has served as an attorney in the Tax Division of the Department of Justice and as speechwriter and campaign aide for Richard M. Nixon in the recent campaign. She is currently associated with Proskauer Rose Goetz & Mendelsohn in her native New York.

Letters to the Communications Editor

TELEVISION'S EDITORIAL PUNCH

Allow me to congratulate you on the splendid new section in *SR.* A specific, lively critique of the communications industry has been long overdue.

In the November 12 issue, Robert Lewis Shayon analyzed TV editorials. Mr. Shayon's piece, admirable though it was, failed to encourage more local stations to exercise their right to express opinions.

His pean of praise for WTOP is probably deserved, but the cumbersome machinery employed by the Washington station in getting an editorial on the air would, I think, tend to keep other station executives from following such a lead.

Here at WTVJ we have just embarked on our fourth year of doing daily editorials. These are clearly labeled and separated from the news portion of the program. It is naïve for Mr. Shayon, or anyone else, to assume that our top-level management has no interest in these pieces. We do not have editorial conferences with the general manager or the board of directors, but certainly they are both aware of the news department's activities and accept the ultimate responsibility.

Mr. Shayon dismisses the effectiveness of our editorials by saying that a TV station in Miami has succeeded in getting local laws changed. How many newspaper editors would be happy to claim that local laws needing changing were changed because of what they had written? Even a non-expert in municipal affairs can tell Mr. Shayon how difficult it is to get local laws brought up to date.

The influence of the WTVJ editorials has been felt most recently in the November general election. Four proposed amendments to the state constitution were on the ballot. We opposed passage of two of these measures. The state's largest-circulation daily newspaper endorsed the amendments. The voters in Florida rejected the two labeled unwise in WTVJ editorials. And our campaign against "B" Girls and shady bar operations led directly to a vigorous clean-up campaign.

Ralph Renick,
Vice President, News
Radio Station WTVJ.

Miami, Fla.

VIVA MATTHEWS

The return of T. S. Matthews to American journalism as *SR*'s editor-at-large is a great event. For more than ten years I worked under his direction as a *Time* Congressional correspondent in Washington. Tom Matthews's brilliance was indisputable, but as I came to know him I discovered two other qualities that I believe must be mentioned. One was his deep personal sense of individual worth in everyone. The second was his great sense of moral values.

All of these qualities put Tom Matthews in a unique place among other men.

I congratulate *SR* on winning him back to active duty.

Frank McNaughton.

Chicago, Ill.

WEEPING NEWSPAPER CHILD

Memo on "A Farewell to Personal History" [*SR,* Dec. 10]: It would seem that today's "correspondents," with too few exceptions, might well learn something from the press agents and public relations "reporters." As an example of confused reporting, the Cuban imbroglio stories have lacked perspective and much basic knowledge of the people involved. As probably the oldest active adman and press agent I know, I am sure that if my clan tried to put over stories no more colorful than a TV-private-eye-foggy-knock-down-and-drag-out scene we'd be blue-penciled evermore. How can a correspondent report dispassionately if he doesn't know the language or the way of living of the mob he's covering? This seems to be the technique that explains why more and more hinterlanders look to television for news. I, as a newspaper "child," weep.

Louis D'Armand.

Clearwater Beach, Fla.

VIVA IN GENERAL

Thank you for James F. Fixx's review of "My Affair With a Weekly" [*SR,* Dec. 10]. I liked the fact it wasn't indiscriminately laudatory, because that led me to believe the very generous favorable comments were honest—which isn't true, I'm afraid, of many book reviews.

Weimar Jones, Editor,
The Franklin Press.

Franklin, N C.

Hearty congratulations and my gratitude for your new monthly supplement on communications. It will prove meaningful to all of us in the industry, but, even more important, it will convey to others the difficulties we face in our effort to serve the "best interests of the public."

Mrs. Graves Taylor.
Radio Station WTYN.

Tryon, N. C.

The area of communications has long needed *SR*'s touch. Please keep touching.

Jonathan Rowland.
Lee Ramsdell & Co.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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Breakthrough in International TV

By Robert Lewis Shayon

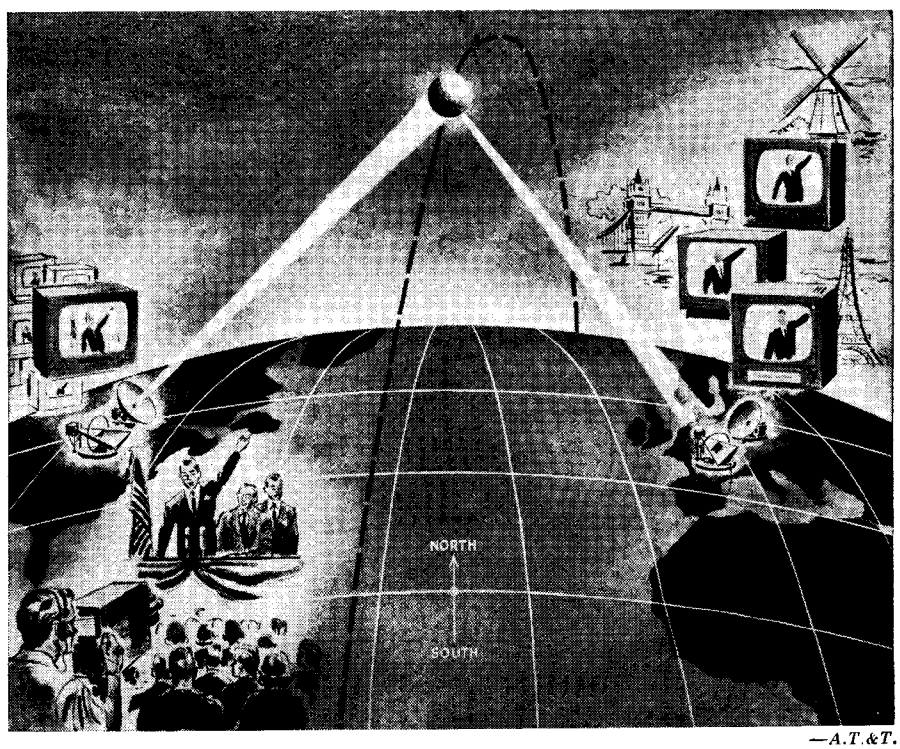
BROADCASTING has broken through the international television barrier. In the next ten years, perhaps even five, facilities will be available for regularly scheduled, sponsored television programs to all major markets of the world. The employment of satellites orbiting in space and acting as relay transmitters is only one of five possible methods that may be used to accomplish international telecasting. The other methods are enhanced trans-ocean submarine cable, scatter transmission, ground microwave and radio relay, and missile transmission of tape or film. American Telephone and Telegraph Company engineers have already applied to the Federal Communications Commission for the necessary frequencies for the first experimental satellite relay, a solar-powered device that may be launched within a year. Bell System spokesmen have spelled out two possible alternative networks of space relays to cover the planet. One system would involve fifty active repeater satellites in random polar orbits at a height of about 3,000 miles above the earth. The other system would involve three satellites in equatorial orbits about 22,000 miles above the earth.

Other major communications industries are also busy experimenting with satellite facilities that could be used for international TV. The most likely first purchasers of such facilities are the commercial television networks. News, sports, and special events, paid for by the networks or by sponsors, are potential international telecasts. Though different nations use different frequencies, and their television pictures vary in the number of lines used, converter systems can make the necessary adjustments. Such converters are regularly used in inter-European telecasts today. With the rapid development of an international consumer market (particularly for nonessential goods and services), international sponsors may be eager to advertise instantaneously in more than one national market at a time, language barriers notwithstanding. The time lag between continents is a more serious problem. Although two-thirds of the world is awake, while one-third sleeps, it would probably be cheaper to send a videotape or film program across oceans by commercial jet airliner (or missile) than it would be to "store" it and send it by satellite on a delayed basis to overcome the time differential. With respect to Latin America, of course, no time problem exists. Our hemisphere neighbors are already regular buyers of American programs on TV film.

There is hardly a foot of commercial TV film shot in the United States that is not destined, after appropriate dubbing, for the foreign rerun market. "Lucy" and "Gunsmoke" are world favorites. The effect of this foreign market on the intellectual content of American TV film is significant. Such programs must not only be aimed at the lowest common denominator in this country; they must also be geared to the potential audiences of nations whose emergent cultures are largely at a primitive level. We are undoubtedly at the threshold of profound revolutions in international communications via television. It is not too early to raise some serious questions about ultimate directions. Shall international TV be used exclusively for commercial purposes? Sponsored TV has been the dominant American pattern. It was set in this country during the early 1920s when the nation had turned its back on Europe and the League of Nations. For a full generation thereafter we suffered the illusion that we were exempt from the world community. Today, however, we are grimly aware of the nuclear apron strings that tie us to the common world destiny.

The cold war provides the context in which international television is being born. If even the performance of domestic TV ought to be measured in this survival context, how much more does international TV demand judgment by that criterion? In the global chess games that we and the Russians are playing there are many pieces, and international TV is clearly one of them. The Russians have used it to their advantage thus far by delaying any international agreement on the allocation of frequencies for space communication. At the meeting in 1959 of the International Telecommunications Union in Geneva, the USSR took a position that resulted in the inadequate

(*Continued on page 47*)



—*A.T.&T.*

Artist's sketch for proposed TV satellite.

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FROM LAWYER TO WRITER— WITH SYMPATHY

A copyright specialist addresses those who should know how to protect literary works.

By RITA E. HAUSER

EVERY shopkeeper has some elementary concept of the law of contracts, the average tenant knows something about his rights against the landlord, and most opera stars have learned approximately when they can stomp off the stage in anger without incurring damages to the impresario. Yet it is curious that most people who write stories, books, or articles know little or nothing about the copyright laws that protect their literary offspring.

Take the classic case of Author Jones, who rushed home each evening from a long day at the office, then worked into the night writing bits and snatches on American wildlife. After years of such struggle and monkish existence, Jones did indeed have a text. A friend of his, who dabbled in matters literary, had just returned from a holiday in Europe and reported the great interest of a Dutch publisher in such a work. Jones made his calculations, saved his few pennies, then made a hasty trip to Holland where he sold the European rights in the book to a Dutch house. Because of the cheaper costs, Jones agreed to have the book printed in Holland.

Shortly thereafter, Jones got an American agent-friend to push his book in the United States. Several important people in the field seemed to like it. But one day while browsing in a book store, Jones, to his horror, discovered that his very own book was being sold under some other person's name. Jones rushed to a lawyer, who told him that, alas, there was nothing to be done. The lawyer explained, with sadness, that American copyright law has a strange provision requiring printing in the United States of books by Americans, save for some exceptions for which Jones did not qualify. Failure to publish in the United States meant that Jones forever lost all his rights and claims to protection against infringers of the book in the United States.

Jones was exposed to but one of the technicalities of American copyright law, which is generally recognized by lawyers to be an agglomerative, outmoded mess. Failure to meet the often overtechnical requisites of the law finds a literary product in the worst possible repository as far as the author is concerned: the public domain.

American copyright law, as this story suggests, is very much antiquated, and is desperately in need of basic revision. Despite the many efforts for reform made by the Bar over the last decades, few proposals have been acted on by Congress. We are therefore left with the present situation, and it certainly is wise for the aspiring author to consult his lawyer before making a move that may be both adverse and irrevocable.

Perhaps a copyright lawyer can alert you to some of the pitfalls.

To begin with, the United States Constitution gives to Congress the power to promote the "useful arts" by granting to authors for a limited time the exclusive right to their "writings." Since we lawyers respect no bounds in interpreting words, it should be realized that the courts have protected decorative lampshades, earrings, cigarette lighters, and other such objects as "writings." But such a true writing as the title to a book or a play does not enjoy the warmth of copyright protection; a title is said to lack literary or artistic content. Other "writings" not given copyright protection include news items (as distinct from an analytical or interpretive reporting of same), ideas not put into some *specific* written form such as a book, play, or poem, or literary works deemed immoral or indecent. Needless to say, there is little to help us determine what falls into the latter category.

The most common misunderstanding shared by many people is that a copyright is achieved by filling out the standard form, enclosing four dollars, two copies of the work, and mailing this packet to the Register of Copyrights at the Library of Congress in

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Washington. But the fact is that copyright is achieved by the simple act of placing the notice "Copyright 1960 by Author Jones" in the proper place of the book or play, and remains achieved even if the filing in Washington is never done. The filing, however, is a prerequisite for suing an infringer; the law requires that it be accomplished in a "reasonable" time, but in a famous case involving Walter Winchell the court granted a rather healthy concept of "reasonable." Let me add that should the converse occur—i.e., filing without placing the copyright notice on the book or play—no copyright has been acquired and, in most cases, may never again be acquired. The work is forever in the public domain if it is once published without a proper and correct copyright notice.

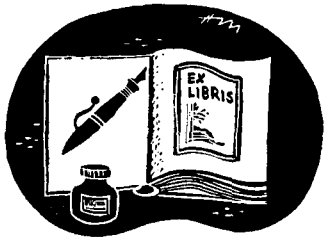
IN most countries, copyright protection is automatic and is there word by word, page by page of the writing process. But in the United States, authors enjoy automatic protection without any formalities only as long as the literary work is not "published." This protection is called a Common Law copyright, which disappears automatically upon "publication"—upon any general, wide, unrestricted distribution of a writing. Thus, if Author Jones shows his text to various editors to get a general reaction to it, making clear that it is only for the purpose of review, the work is not deemed published even if actually printed professionally and bound as well. But should Jones distribute any quantity, be it hand-written or mimeographed, with the intent to dedicate it to the general public, the work is regarded as "published."

What follows from "publication"? If Author Jones "publishes" his work without first imprinting on each piece the standard copyright notice, he loses his Common Law copyright forever and his work falls into the public domain.

Until recently, the copyright notice on a book or magazine had to read "Copyright 1960 by Author Jones," or some variation of these three indispensable elements. The courts were most strict in interpreting this requirement, and failure to meet the exact terms of the copyright notice meant a total loss of protection. The notice on a book or other bound writing must appear on the title page or the one immediately following it in order to be valid; in a magazine it must appear on the first nonadvertisement page, which is, generally speaking, the masthead page.

The courts today are a bit more lenient and require only "substantial compliance." Moreover, as a consequence of America's adoption of the Universal Copyright Convention, the symbol © may replace the word "copyright" and thus be recognized worldwide; Americans, however, must still list the name of the author and date of publication, as well as the symbol © or the word "copyright" in order to acquire a valid copyright in the United States. It is interesting to note that all the excess language often seen in books such as "all rights reserved including the right to reproduce" is so much window dressing. Copyright means that all rights of the author in the work are reserved by law to him.

Another burdensome requirement that existed in full force until a few years ago was that all written works in book form had to be printed in the United States to secure copyright protection here. This is a requirement that has for its sole merit the assurance of



work for American printers. Under much pressure, Congress finally granted a minor reprieve to United States citizens living abroad, who can now publish a limited quantity outside America for a period of five years provided that a special notice is duly filed with the Register of Copyrights in Washington. At the end of five years, further protection is given only if the work is printed here. The same rule also permits writers living in other countries that have adopted the Universal Copyright Convention to distribute in the United States a limited number of copies of works printed abroad for the same five-year period.

AFTER all these hurdles are run, we find that in the end exclusive rights are given to Author Jones for only a twenty-eight year period, renewable only once for another twenty-eight years. Again, most other countries in the world follow the French system and grant full protection for the author's life plus fifty years—a provision we did not accept when adopting the Universal Copyright Convention.

If it appears that the acquisition of the original copyright is a tricky business, the problem of renewal rights is even more complex.

Congress also sought to protect Author Jones's wife and children and certain other heirs. Should Author Jones grant all rights in his book, including renewal rights, to Publisher X for a very good price and then die before entering the twenty-eighth year of his original copyright term, the grant of the renewal rights is invalid as far as wife and children are concerned. Some prudent publishers require wife and children to join in the granting of renewal rights, but the Supreme Court not too long ago held that even illegitimate children may qualify as "children" and often, popping up from nowhere, claim their interest in the renewal period.

PERHAPS we should at this point ask the most elementary question: Who can acquire a copyright? While the obvious answer would seem to be the author in all cases, let me hasten to note that an employee for hire does not have rights in his creative product turned out in or as a necessary part of his employment. It is the employer who has exclusive rights in the product. Of course, we have many neat questions that get to court concerning such matters as when an employee is working for his employer or for himself, and whether his product draws substantially on work done on the job or was purely an after-hours matter. The recent court battle of Admiral Rickover to protect the contents of speeches he had given and then compiled for publication had a good deal to do with this issue.

Author Jones, living in most places of the Western world, would also find himself possessed of what the French call *les droit moraux*—moral rights—which protect not only the literary product but also the reputation and dignity of the author himself. A part of the author's personality is deemed contained in the work he creates, permitting him, even after he has sold the book or play, to prevent distortions by the owner (such as using his main character as the protagonist of a soap advertisement). The author may even stop the printing of further copies of his work whenever, in his judgment, he no longer likes the work or feels it nonrepresentative of his current thinking, subject of course to payment of damages for any harm caused the publisher. Our law recognizes none of these rights.

Our copyright laws are thus full of technical and confusing rules that can trap the unwary. There are no natural reasons militating for their continuance, and it is to be hoped that the efforts of copyright lawyers—who write for a living too, although often more imaginatively than creatively—will result in some long-needed changes and basic reforms.

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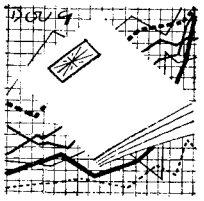
New Horizons for Business Journalism



By WILBUR CROSS

"THAT ridiculous magazine—it's just a house organ!"

This statement, or a reasonable facsimile, used to be a characteristic way of voicing disparaging remarks about almost any magazine whose contents seemed insubstantial or poorly written. The note of scorn has become somewhat muted, however, in light of a trend that has seen many a tired old company publication undergo a startling transformation within the past five or ten years.

The entire field of business communication is one that is not only vague to most laymen, but also confusing to many a writer who might otherwise find this an interesting and profitable area of work. The muddle is compounded by the terminology and the loose usage of terms. "House organ," a phrase now as outmoded as "flying machine," has been replaced by "company publication" or "house magazine." It refers to any periodical published by a specific company for distribution to employees and others whose interests might be compatible. Company publications are usually prepared by the public relations section and financed by a fixed budget rather than through paid advertising or subscriptions.

Objectives vary widely, and there are actually three distinct classifications: 1) Internal, 2) External, and 3) Combination. The first term most closely fits the antiquated "house organ," since it describes a voice of communication within the company walls. The externals are distributed to other than employees —sometimes to the public, to help promote the corporate name, sometimes to dealers and others within the trade, to whom the company sells its products. The third classification, which is increasingly popular, covers the publications that reach the employees, the trade, and the general public.

A good example of an internal publication is the one that is probably the largest in this group, *GM Folks*, a monthly twenty-eight-page magazine that goes to some 500,000 General Motors employees and dealers. A typical external is Bell & Howell's sixteen-page quarterly, *Panorama*, which is sent to 250,000 customers and prospects with how-to material on taking home movies. A combination type is *Dow Diamond*, a thirty-six-page quarterly with a circulation of 90,000, which the Dow Chemical Company sends not only to its own employees, but also to stockholders, customers, and the general public.

Right here is an appropriate place to point out that company publications should not be confused with trade publications (which are also known as "trade papers," "trade books," "busi-

(*Continued on page* 46)

MEDIUM:	*Company Publications*	*Trade Publications*
TYPES:	a) Internal b) External c) Combination	a) Paid Circulation b) Free, or Controlled, Circulation
NUMBER IN EXISTENCE:	About 10,000, of which half are substantial and active	About 3,000, of which at least 2,000 are substantial
PUBLISHERS:	Private companies, and a few associations	Independent trade publishers, many with a chain of periodicals
GROWTH:	From about 300 in mid-Thirties to 6,500 by 1955, 10,000 today	About double the number of 10 years ago, with an increase of 50-75 each year
SUBJECTS COVERED:	Everything conceivable, from technical and industrial subjects to those covered by national consumer magazines	Taken as a whole, every subject of interest to business, industry, education, and technology; but each periodical limited to definite coverage within its specialized field
PAYMENTS TO WRITERS:	Some 1,500 publications offer payment, ranging from $25 to $1,000 for full-length texts (a few even higher for special assignments)	About 2,000 offer payment—most within a limited range of $20-$100. Special assignments can command up to $400-$500 in the best markets
PAYMENTS TO PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ARTISTS:	Limited to 200 or so publications, but photos and art can bring payments from several hundred dollars to $2,000	Most use photographs and simple art work. Few use color. Payments usually under $100.
SOURCES OF INFORMATION ABOUT MEDIUM:	Gebbie's "House Magazine Directory"; *Reporting*, the periodical published monthly by the International Council of Industrial Editors.	"Business Publication Rates and Data," published by Standard Rate & Data Service, Skokie, Ill.; also, various books listing writer's markets.

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How to Review a Best-Seller

By JOHN TEBBEL

EVERY author, unless he is an insensitive lout, knows the awful moment when publication day arrives and he awaits the critics' verdict.

No matter what the author tells himself, he knows that he really cares very much what the critics say, and he is convinced that reviews can make or break him.

There are a few books annually that can be certain of getting the widest possible attention, by reason of their content, the reputation of their authors, or both. They may even be predestined best-sellers before the reviewer can express an opinion one way or the other.

One of these is Vance Packard's "The Waste Makers." I have no intention of getting into the pitched battle over Mr. Packard's book, but its critical reception by newspapers and magazines has offered serious students of these media a unique opportunity to examine the art, or business, of reviewing books in a more revealing way than any other book in recent times.

The reason for this is the special nature of "The Waste Makers" and its predecessors, "The Hidden Persuaders" and "The Status Seekers." Aside from the fact that the three were all number-one best-sellers, a feat roughly comparable to breaking the bank at Las Vegas, they were books calculated to provoke quite as much response from reviewers as from readers. They could not be dismissed with the usual clichés of reviewing, although a few obtuse critics tried it. These books seemed to bring out both the best and the worst in critics.

Violent reaction to "The Waste Makers" could be reasonably expected from the business press, especially the part of it devoted to advertising; but what of the other newspapers and magazines, equally dependent on advertising for their existence, and overwhelmingly conservative in their politics?

The answer to this question, as I found it, will not delight dogmatists of either persuasion—either those who think the press is helplessly in the grasp of advertising, or those who like to boast that it is wholly independent. I have just completed a study of 245 reviews of "The Waste Makers," gathered from various sources, representing not only a cross section of the reviewing media but also at least 70 per cent of the total reviews. I discovered:

To begin with, an anticipatory shudder went through the business world and its press even before "The Waste Makers" appeared on September 30, 1960. *Advertising Age* headlined an editorial in its August 8 issue "That Man's Here Again," but in announcing the forthcoming book confined itself largely to quoting three paragraphs from the introduction, without comment.

—*Roger Luce.*

Vance Packard — author of "The Waste Makers."

On September 20, an inter-office memo was circulated to the sales and editorial staff of *Sales Management*, suggesting that these employees read "The Waste Makers" whether they liked it or not, and pointing out with reverse pride that the magazine was quoted fourteen times in the book, more than any other source.

Before the publishers (David McKay) could get advance copies into the hands of reviewers, book editors around the country found in their mail a release from the vice president in charge of public relations at General Foods Corporation, beginning with ungrammatical directness: "You likely are reviewing Vance Packard's new book 'The Waste Makers' due to be published soon," and going on to call attention to an enclosure, which was a copy of a speech delivered at the Sales Executive Club in New York by Charles G. Mortimer, board chairman of General Foods.

In this address, titled "Consumer Persuasion—Black Art or Key to Economic Progress?" Mr. Mortimer remarked that "consumer persuasion" was "the key to economic progress. . . . The charge is made that business creates consumer wants which soon become needs. I, for one, plead guilty. In our way of life, needs and wants are indeed virtually synonymous."

The revelation of this PR ploy, which undoubtedly annoyed far more book editors than it influenced, occurred in the book column of the Manchester (N. H.) *Evening Union Leader*, a paper scarcely noted for its liberalism. Dr. George Woodbury, the daily's literary editor, appeared to view this not-so-hidden attempt at persuasion with scorn.

Woodbury's column foreshadowed a surprising reaction from the conservative press—which is to say, most of it. Nearly all of these newspapers treated the book with middle-of-the-road caution, although it could hardly have failed to anger the publishers. A few even praised it. The book editor who wrote one of these favorable reviews later reported that the paper's editor chided him for his "too friendly" notice, but he was saved because the publisher himself had liked the book.

By an odd coincidence, several of the reviews in conservative papers ended on virtually the same note, seeming to back away from their preceding favorable comment and making references to "pie-in-the-sky, socialistic theorizing." But that was as near as most of them came to the standard conservative vocabulary. Even in cities like Detroit, where one might expect annoyance to boil over, the Detroit *News* review was favorable, though author Packard had dismembered the auto manufacturers and left them for dead.

THERE were exceptions, of course. A shrill Hearst voice was raised here and there. John Chamberlain, bellwether of the conservative flock, took an entire column of the *Wall Street Journal* to drive home the unimportance of the book and its author, and a solemn editorial accompanying it seized the occasion to remind the *Journal*'s readers, who must have heard it somewhere before, that the greatest waste was "the gigantic waste of Government power and control."

In the New York *World-Telegram & Sun*, Richard Starnes, an ex-deskman elevated to the department of split-page cosmic thinking, belabored Packard and his book in prose that could be called inimitable if it had not become a Scripps-Howard trademark. However, the paper's television critic, Harriet Van Horne, who writes a first-rate prose all her own, gave Packard a friendly mention, and John Barkham's favorable review, distributed by the *Saturday Review* syndicate, appeared on another page.

The *World-Telegram* was not the only paper unable to make up its mind. Dissension appeared also in the pages of the New York *Post*, a liberal paper that might have been expected to love Packard's book. Its reviewer took a disparaging view of "The Waste Makers," but the paper's syndicated finan-

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cial columnist, Sylvia Porter, gave it an enthusiastic sendoff. "Packard's sense of timing is breathtaking," Mrs. Porter declared. ". . . In this book I think Packard has caught a national trend in the making." (Mr. Packard may have been understandably confused to read later in the *Christian Science Monitor* that his book was "a little late.") The *Post*'s drama critic, Richard Watts, Jr., added some approving comments.

One oddity among the major media was the Chicago *Tribune*'s review. Robert Cromie, the amiable and able new editor of the *Tribune*'s Sunday book section, decided on an unorthodox approach and gave the book for review to Neil C. Hurley, president of the Thor Power Tool Co., with entirely predictable results.

The syndicated reviewers, who must please as many as several hundred clients and are therefore not given to extremes, gave "The Waste Makers" good notices generally, but several of the clients saw fit to edit their copy in a manner familiar to working newspapermen everywhere. For example, W. G. Rogers's Associated Press review appeared in some papers with deletions obviously not dictated by reason of tight space. "Again Vance Packard strikes at the heart of a vital national problem" was a sentence that disappeared mysteriously in some AP papers.

THE pile of clippings I have been examining also exhibits the dismal lack of initiative in many American newspapers. Again and again appear the familiar phenomena, known to every publisher's publicity department, of the slightly rewritten press release and the unabashed plagiarism of jacket copy, along with the somewhat altered syndicated review, used without credit, or intact with neither by-line nor credit.

But taken as a whole, the treatment of Packard's controversial book by the newspaper reviewers and critics from New York to the Coast was fair and favorable, regardless of an individual paper's political leanings. Criticism was plentiful, but on balance it was judicious and good-tempered. (It may be argued that most newspaper reviewing is reporting, not criticism, but that is another debate.) Most reviewers and critics, it appears, operate independently and do not stand in fear of their editors and publishers, and management, for the most part, does not inhibit free expression in the book columns.

Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the magazines. Their reaction was as curious as it was fascinating. The news magazines, which purport to cover the national scene, offered a strange example of nonreviewing. *Time* has never reviewed a Packard volume in its book section. "The Hidden Persuaders" turned up in the Medicine department; "The Status Seekers" was ignored, although the magazine did carry an interview titled "Revisit to a Best-Selling Author," with a picture of Packard's Weimeraner dog, Misty, exhumed from the files of *Sports Illustrated*, to show that the author himself was a status seeker. "The Waste Makers" was ignored entirely, except for the appearance of its title at the top of *Time*'s best-seller list, certainly a newsworthy event by any standard.

As for *Newsweek*, after giving the first two Packard volumes good notices in its book department, it assigned "The Waste Makers" to the Business department, where it was dismissed. The reviewer characterized Packard as "a glib, facile social thinker," once more confusing an author who had seen himself described in the San Francisco *Chronicle* as "a quiet, almost shy journalist and scholar."

David Lawrence's *United States News and World Report*, its mind probably concentrated on making adjustments in the nation's future, had no time for "The Waste Makers."

Turning to the other national magazines, two were remarkable (for different reasons) in their treatment of the book. *The New Yorker*, whose attitude toward books is usually one of cool disdain, produced a lead review by Naomi Bliven that could only be described as hysterical. From it one fact emerged: Mrs. Bliven simply hated that book.

More astonishing, however, was the frontal assault launched by *Printers' Ink*, a trade journal whose subtitle is "The Weekly Magazine of Advertising and Marketing." Its editor is Woodrow Wirsig, who was a student at Columbia's School of Journalism when Packard was a member of the faculty.

The cover of *Printers' Ink* for September 30, 1960, carried pictures of Packard; his publisher, Kenneth Rawson; and Rawson's wife, Eleanor, an associate editor at McKay, who was also once Packard's secretary. Beneath the pictures ran a blurb: "Is 'The Waste Makers' a hoax? Why did Vance Packard write it? Why did David McKay Co. publish it? *Printers' Ink* and seven outstanding ad men—Cummings, Frost, Zern, Kerr, Weir, Mithun and Cox—explore these questions to try to find reasons for such a deliberate attack on advertising and marketing."

In the nine-page jungle of indignant prose beginning on page 20 there were few, if any, answers to the questions raised by the blurb, and the magazine's fanciful account of Packard's career offered little more information. But it was perfectly clear that ad agency executives hate Packard and all his works.

Publisher and author were delighted with this assault. In terms of lineage, it was book advertising no publisher could afford to buy. As public relations, it was a performance ranking somewhat below par. *Printers' Ink* had committed a publishing *faux pas*.

Obviously not aware of it, the magazine compounded its error in the October 21 issue by attacking the reviewers who had given Packard's book favorable reviews. In studying "more than a score" of reviews, the magazine said, it had found only three or four critics who had "any real understanding of marketing as practiced in this country today." No one was surprised to learn that these satisfactory critics included Mr. Hurley, the manufacturer who had written the Chicago *Tribune*'s review; and Brian Beedham, Washington correspondent for *The Economist* of London, author of the New York *Post*'s unfavorable notice.

By contrast, the journal of the ad industry, *Advertising Age*, gave Packard's book a thoughtful, restrained review. In its subsequent editorial comment, *Advertising Age* appeared to be obliquely criticizing its competitor, *Printers' Ink*.

Printers' Ink squeezed some extra mileage out of its attack by reprinting parts of it in a magazine called *Salesweek*, "The International News Magazine for Sales and Marketing Executives," published by the same company.

IF any conclusion can be drawn from the 245 reviews I studied, it is this:

That a controversial book published in America need not fear unreasonable attack, even from those newspapers that disagree most, with but a few exceptions. One cannot expect as much from magazines, however, especially when their highly vulnerable bank accounts are threatened, or when their predominantly conservative convictions are challenged.

We have seen the magazine business strike back before. Dr. Kinsey, for example, was pilloried by one of the most influential magazines in the country, and there have been a good many similar instances. No doubt it will happen again.

Publishers, whether of newspapers or magazines, are often slow learners.

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How to Be a Perfect Speller

By RUDOLF FLESCH

SPELLING is the stepchild of our scientific age. Unlike other universal problems such as the common cold or obesity, it isn't even an object of current research or scientific interest. To a scientist, spelling is simply a nuisance, the relic of a prescientific age—something that will sooner or later go away. The famous linguist Leonard Bloomfield, in his book "Language," winds up his discussion of spelling with the hope that "mechanical devices for reproducing speech will supersede our present habits of writing and printing." Another famous linguist, E. H. Sturtevant, in his "Introduction to Linguistic Science," wryly suggests that "the most efficient as well as the easiest way to improve the situation would be the complete cessation of the teaching of spelling."

So there's no hope at all from that quarter. Meanwhile, you and I and everybody else have trouble with spelling, and the man-hours lost to the nation in hunting through dictionaries and correcting errors run into millions, particularly at the level of professional writing.

What can the ordinary person do to improve his spelling? The usual advice is to memorize spelling lists until your weaknesses are overcome. But experience shows that this is no good at all. I've stared at the words *harass* and *embarrass* on spelling lists ever since I can remember and still have to look up *harass* every time I want to use that word in writing—or rather, I had to, until I hit upon the simple method explained in this article.

The main point about spelling is that you have to use psychology. Psychology tells us that for memorizing anything we have to use the principle of association. We memorize Mrs. Farrington's name by reminding ourselves that she lives *far* away: we remember our aunt's telephone number (LYric 2-9918) by mumbling to ourselves that nine and nine make eighteen.

So with spelling. A spelling list that tells us that a *tail* is an appendage attached to the hind part of an animal, while a *tale* is a story, is of no use at all when it comes to distinguishing between the spellings for the two different meanings. We might be told is that a *tail ails* when it itches, while *tales* are told with cheese and *ale*.

On that principle I've drawn up my own little private spelling list, which is printed below. For me, it works. But before I pass it on to you, let's first recapitulate a few general rules.

1. To be a good speller, remember the basic rules of English phonetic spelling—or, if you've never learned them, learn them now.

First, consonants: There's only one spelling for almost all consonant sounds—or rather, written consonants are usually sounded in just one regular way. The great exceptions are *c* and *g*, which are sounded hard (as in *call* and *gall*) except before *i* and *e*, when they are

Dr. Flesch's Own Spelling Associations

accidentally. There's a *tally* in *accidentally.*
accurate. *Accuracy* is the only *cure* for mistakes.
address. On second-class mail, the *address* is the *ad dress.*
adviser. Even an adviser may *err.*
aging. Drinking *gin* speeds *aging.*
all right—already. The *two* of them are *all right;* they're *already together.*
battalion. The *battalion* fought like *a lion.*
bogey. Keep your *eye* on the ball.
Britain. *Britain* wanted to *retain* her empire.
buses. *Buses* have many *uses.*
collar. A *collar* in a *large* size.
colossal. *Colossal* movies are in *color.*
comparison. The *comparison* shopper went to *Paris.*
compliment. *Compliments* flatter the ego—the *I.*
costume. *Costumes cost* money.
counsel. A *counsel sells* his advice
custom. Don't *cuss* when you go through *customs.*
dependent. *Dependents* must be taken to the *dentist.*
describe. The *des*cription is on your *desk.*
diary. In a *diary,* the *I* comes first.
dumfounded. I was so *dumfounded* I lost a *b.*
embarrass. *Embarrassment* is a *barr*ier to conversation.
exhilarating. It's ex*hil*arating to walk up a *hill.*
forty. *Forty* soldiers held the *fort.*
gorilla. The dead g*orilla* was a g*ory* sight.
gypsy. *I*'m not a *gypsy.*
hangar. A hang*ar* is an airplane *ga*rage.
harass. *Ha*rassed as a hunted *hare.*
hypocrisy. Hypo*crisy* can produce a *crisis.*
imminent. It can happen any *min*ute.
incidentally. There's a *tally* in *incidentally.*
indispensable. As indispen*sable* as *sable.*
loose. A *moose* let *loose.*
mantel. There's a *tel*ephone on the man*tel.*
mortgage. *Mort*als are apt to die before the *mort*gage is paid off.
mustache. His *must*ache was *musty* and dusty.
nickel. It cost a nick*el* to ride the old *el.*
obbligato. A steady *obb*ligato of *b—b—b—b.*
paid. To be *paid* is an *aid.*
parallel. *All el* tracks are par*allel.*
pendant. My *aunt* wore a pend*ant.*
playwright. Some playwrights are carpenters rather than writers.
pygmy. *I*'m not a *pygmy.*
resin. They decided to *re-sin.*
sacrilegious. Sac*rile*gious is the opposite of *reli*gious.
separate. To *separate* means to set *apart.*
sibyl. The sib*yl* lived near*by.*
siege. The besieged city was down to one *egg.*
sieve. They used a *sieve* for the *even*ing meal.
stationary. He made *nary a move.*
stationery. *One* pen, *one* pencil, *one* sheet of paper.
succeed—success. He *succeeded* in *doubling* his fortune.
supersede. When you're being super*seded,* take a *sed*ative.
surprise. A *burp* gives *rise* to *surprise.*
their. *Their* house was left to an *heir.*
there. *There* is not *here.*
villain. That's the *villa in* which the *villain* lives.

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sounded soft (as in *cent* and *gent*).

This rule will take care of such spelling demons as *courageous, serviceable,* or *manageable.*

Also, note that the *zh* consonant sound (as in Zsa Zsa Gabor) is usually spelled as a single *s,* as in *vision, leisure, enclosure, pleasure, treasure.* Remember that when doubt assail you about such words as *occasion* or *incision.*

Next vowels: The vowels *a, e, i, o,* and *u* are sounded as short vowels when followed by just one consonant (as in *mat, pet, kit, not, cut*) but sound "like their names" when followed by one consonant plus a vowel (as in *mate, Pete, kite, note, cute*).

This means that if you want to preserve a short vowel sound in a verb form, adjective, etc., you have to double the consonant—as in *gabby, Peggy, filling, topper, nutty.*

The other way around, you can drop the silent *e* that marks the long vowel sound when the word is changed so that you get another vowel after the consonant instead—as in *likable, salable, usable, competing, rosy, unruly.*

2. The second basic spelling rule is the old jingle

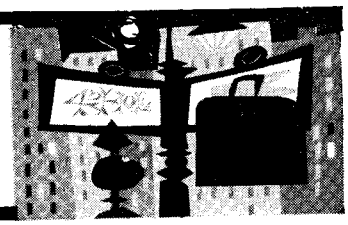
I before *E*
Except after *C*
Or when sounded like *A*
As in *neighbor* or *weigh.*

Frankly, I don't think this rule is very helpful, since there are at least a dozen exceptions: *science, financier, seize, height, weird, either, sheik, seizure, forfeit, leisure, foreign, neither, seismograph, kaleidoscope, counterfeit, weir, sleight.*

3. If you've had Latin in school, you're better off than most people, because many spelling problems don't exist for the person who has a firm grip on Latin. If you've had no Latin, you can still help yourself to some extent by looking up your favorite bugbears in the dictionary and noting carefully their Latin roots (if any). This will nail down for you such words as *accommodate, illiterate, affect* and *effect, immanent* and *imminent.* At least, I hope so.

And that—these three basic rules—pretty much takes care of all there is of rational, more or less logical spelling rules in English. The rest is wilderness—a mass of whimsical, indefensible, utterly mad spellings without rhyme or reason. There are a thousand and one historical reasons for this mess, most of them as ridiculous as someone's bright idea of spelling *whole* with a *w* so as to distinguish *whole* (entire) from *hole* (in the ground). Or Dr. Samuel Johnson's lapse of memory that made him spell *deign* and *disdain* within a few pages of his dictionary.

Madison Avenue



What's Behind the 15% Ad Fee

By JAMES WEBB YOUNG

"WHOM does the advertising agency represent?" asked the manager of the *Chicago Tribune* when a new young agent from Boston called on him in 1866.

In each succeeding generation there have been some among publishers, agents, and advertisers alike who have troubled themselves over this question.

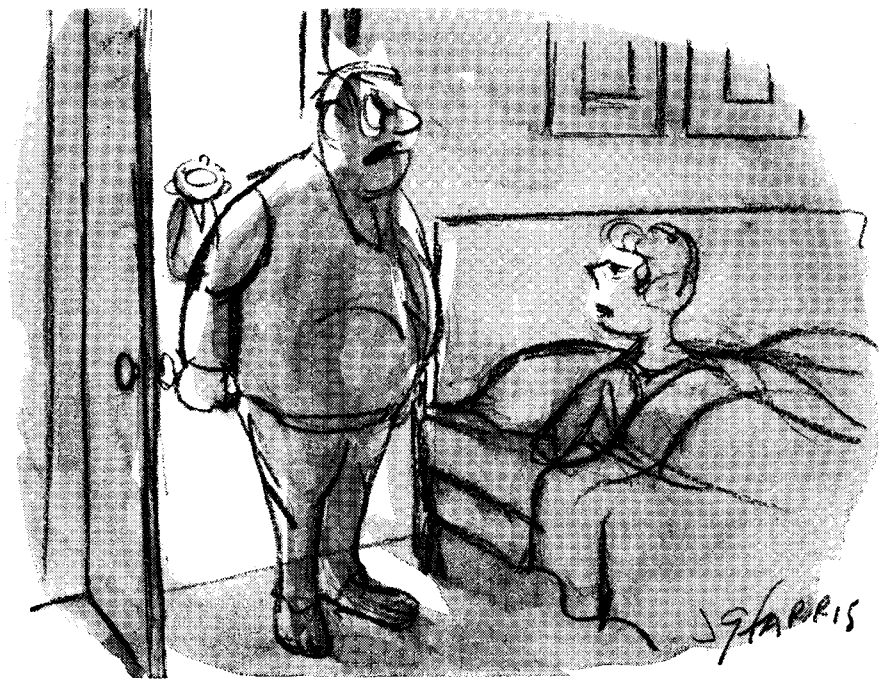
The first American advertising agent of whom we have any clear record had no trouble with it. He was one Volney B. Palmer, who established his agency, apparently in Philadelphia, in 1841.

In one of his announcements Palmer stated: "He is the agent for the best papers in every section of the whole country. He is empowered by the proprietors to make contracts and give receipts. The same prices only are charged to advertisers as are exacted *by his principals, the publishers*" (italics mine). Indeed, Palmer insisted that publishers name him as *sole* agent on the masthead of their papers.

As the publisher's agent, Palmer solicited advertising, made contracts, and, it appears, ordinarily collected payments under them. But he assumed no credit liability: if the advertiser failed to pay Palmer, then Palmer did not pay the publisher. For his services on these terms Palmer demanded and received from the publisher a commission of 25 percent, plus the cost of all postage and stationery used in the transaction.

Palmer was successful. By 1849 he had offices in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore. He had sensed the need, in the "roaring Forties" as American business began to reach out for national markets, to supply a facility through which advertisers could reach the scattered newspapers of the country, and through which the relatively weak and parochial publishers could make contact with the advertisers. He furnished what is still a basic service to both publishers and advertisers of the advertising agency of today.

Palmer's success attracted the inevitable competition. This came first from the manager of Palmer's own Boston office. This manager, having secured the confidence of Palmer's customers in that area, took Palmer's list of papers and prices—then the only stock in trade—and set up for himself. And the pub-



"He wants dilly-beans! What in the hell are dilly-beans?"

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lishers, by and large, encouraged him, presumably reasoning that two salesmen should produce more business than one.

But with publishers' advertising rates highly flexible, this competition inevitably centered on price. Each competing agent submitted "estimates" of what he would charge to "place" the advertiser's copy in essentially the same list of papers.

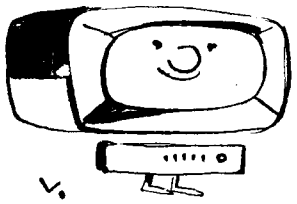
Under this price competition the advertising agent's existence came to depend on his skill as a bargainer. When he had secured the advertiser's order at the highest figure he judged possible, he started trading with the publishers for the lowest rates possible. But whatever the final rate achieved, the 25 per cent commission always came off it.

Under such trading conditions the agent's commission itself eventually began to be cut into, as more and more agents came into the field. Fifteen years after Palmer's competition began, one agent is quoted as saying he "regretted that he came into the business too late, for no longer could the agent count upon the clear 25 per cent profit that had been possible in Palmer's day." A new and more profitable method of conducting the agency business had to be discovered before it became attractive to new men and yielded a margin for expansion in agency services.

THE new way was pioneered by a young man in a Boston newspaper office—the one to whom the Chicago publisher posed his question—George P. Rowell. He started in business as an advertising agent in 1865, with an idea that would minimize competition.

Rowell conceived a plan of contracting with 100 papers, mostly New England country weeklies, to sell him a column of space each week for a year. On such a contract, at that time enormous, he was able to bargain for a very low rate. This space he resold to advertisers in one-inch units, at a generous profit, but at a rate much below that which competing agents, buying in small units, could quote. "An Inch of Space a Month in One Hundred Papers for One Hundred Dollars" was Rowell's slogan.

Rowell was an innovator, but not completely so. He did not lose sight of the now traditional 25 per cent commission. It came in as a final element in his bargaining with publishers. And to the commission Rowell added two new elements and arguments for price reduction, both very appealing to hard-pressed country publishers. These were a guarantee of payment whether the advertiser paid or not; and a discount for cash—3 per cent for payment within thirty days. Thereafter these elements, the guarantee of payment and a cash discount, became, like the commission, a custom of the agency-publisher relationship.



Rowell's plan was successful. Starting with a capital of $2,000, he made a profit of $6,000 on $28,000 in business the first year. Six years later, after he had developed lists of papers for every section of the country, he had assets of $100,000.

Again success attracted competition. In Philadelphia, N. W. Ayer & Son developed a controlled list of religious papers—then a much more influential type of periodical than now. In New York, Carleton & Smith also brought forward a list of religious publications, as did Lord & Thomas in Chicago. Later, as successor to Carleton & Smith, J. Walter Thompson, seeing the growing influence of household magazines, developed exclusive contracts with his "List of Thirty" such publications and became the "father of magazine advertising."

In all these cases the agents became, in effect, the advertising managers of these publications. They contracted for the whole of the space available for advertising, set the rates for the advertisers, and took the risk of selling the space.

Under such operations it might be wondered how there remained any place for the older agency commission as such. Aside from its use in bargaining, various considerations contributed to keeping it alive. Even the agent who had a controlled list did not shut himself out from the possibility of handling business for publications whose space no agency controlled. In order to sell his own long profit list the agent often had to be prepared to bid on and handle the space wanted by an advertiser in other publications. Moreover, good-will relationships between agencies and advertisers, and geographical considerations, contributed to keeping the commission alive. If Lord & Thomas in Chicago had an advertiser for its religious papers who might also want to use space in J. Walter Thompson's list of magazines, Mr. Thompson had no objection to getting the order from Lord & Thomas. In such cases the commission passed between agent and agent.

The forces that were to destroy this controlled-space practice in the agency business came into sight when the first "special agent" appeared on the scene about 1875, and when N. W. Ayer & Son offered their "Open Contract" at about the same time.

Publishers of the larger newspapers had now begun to realize the growing value of national advertising, as well as the selling bias of the agent with a controlled list. A special agent, who would devote his whole time to soliciting for one newspaper, or at most a few strong ones, was the logical result of this development.

AS THE volume of advertising grew, publisher after publisher of other periodicals discontinued his controlled space concessions, and the special publisher's representative, on salary or commission, took over the selling of his space. By 1880 the woods were full of these "special agents," said Rowell; and the older agents came to be spoken of as "general agents."

The appearance of these special agents not only eventually destroyed the profit in the controlled space idea; it also forced the older type of agent into the field, where his great development was to take place. It drew the line between the agent who was to remain a special pleader for a particular publisher, and the agent who was to become a promoter and developer of the use of advertising, a buyer for the advertiser, and a service agency for both advertisers and publishers.

The Ayer contract drew the same line. Under it, Ayer agreed to buy all space to the best of his bargaining ability; to give the advertiser the benefit of the lowest rate he could secure; and to bill the advertiser at this net rate, plus a fixed percentage for the Ayer service, to replace his commission. This percentage varied experimentally, in the beginning, but was eventually stabilized over a long period at 15 per cent on the net cost of space, approximately equivalent to 13 per cent on the advertiser's total expenditure.

When the special agent first appeared it seems to have been the publisher's expectation that, as far as his publication was concerned, the general agent would disappear. The traditional

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commission went to the special agent.

But the general agent had been acquiring assets. He had bookkeeping and mechanical facilities useful to an advertiser in carrying out the details of an advertising program. He had more information about media of all types, and in all parts of the country, than anybody else. Most of all, the general agent had far more experience with the workings of advertising in the relatively new field of branded merchandise marketing. His advice had become one of his chief assets.

During this era began not only the development of all the agency "creative" services, and of the men and women with specialized talents to perform them; but began also the move from "It Pays to Advertise" to a concern with *how* to make advertising pay the advertiser. The agencies that led in these developments came to be called "service agencies," as distinguished from those that still relied on competition.

IT IS significant that when these service agencies sold their services on a fixed percentage-on-the-net basis, the income to the agency was still a percentage of the advertiser's total expenditures—in effect a stabilized "commission." And the percentage applied in these cases has always closely followed the ruling rate of the publisher's commission—and *vice versa*.

Coincident with these changes in the agency business, publishers' ideas were changing. First, they began to see clearly the value of the agencies to them in the development of new business. When that was seen, the necessity for protecting the profit incentive to the agency easily followed. Hence we find the American Newspaper Publishers Association adopting the following resolution in its 1893 convention: "*Resolved*: That it is the sense of this Association that agents' commission shall not be allowed to advertisers or their employees." A similar resolution was adopted in 1894.

Along with this the publishers could not fail to notice that the service agencies developed new advertisers more successfully than did the cut-rate agencies. It became clear that what made advertising pay the advertiser, and made him a continuing one, were what messages were put into the space he bought; and the judiciousness with which the whole plan of advertising was conceived. In these the service agency tended to accumulate the greatest experience and to develop the greatest expertise.

Then too, publishers saw that their own credit risk was less with agencies operating on an adequate margin of income. In short, it became clear to publishers that, in every way, they had a vital interest in what the agency did with its commission.

Magazine publishers, whose entire advertising revenue came from national advertising, saw this most clearly. Threats were made by such publishers to cut off from recognition agencies that rebated part of their commission; and these threats gained point when the Curtis Publishing Company dramatically withdrew its recognition from one of the largest agencies of that day.

Out of this incident grew the first formal Curtis contract between publisher and agencies. Under it the Curtis Company not only prohibited agencies from accepting any orders for its publications at less than full card rates, but also bound itself not to "allow the agent's commission to any advertiser, under any condition or circumstance." The significance of this clause is in the fact that at this time (1901) 45 per cent of the Curtis advertising revenue was coming directly from advertisers.

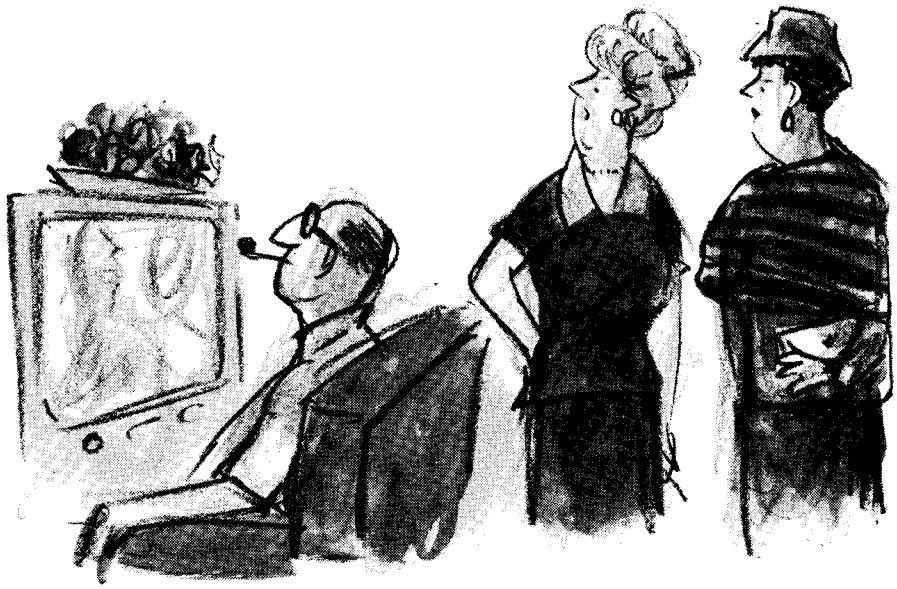
This Curtis contract had far-reaching effects. It established the principle that the publisher's commission was paid to the agency for the purpose—as a later advertising director of Curtis said—of enabling the agency to "do for the advertisers what they were not able to do for themselves, and what no publisher was in a position to do, namely, to prepare copy and illustration." It registered the publisher's interest in the service qualifications of the agency, and in having advertisers use such services. Other magazine publishers rapidly adopted the same attitude.

THE commission, which had originally been 25 per cent, with a cash discount of 3 per cent added later, eventually became, through all these changes, generally 15 per cent for newspapers and 10 per cent for magazines, with a cash discount of 5 per cent. Later, reflecting no doubt the experience gained with the agencies operating on the 15 per cent-on-the-net basis, the commission generally became the equivalent 13 per cent on the gross, with a 3 per cent cash discount. Finally, to meet the cost of expanding agency services, it became the 15 per cent on the gross (equivalent to 17.65 on the net) which it has been since about 1918.

Whatever else one may say about this system, it is nevertheless true that the growth in the profitable use of advertising by advertisers, and in the resulting volume flow of every medium owner's life's blood, show a striking correlation with the development of the present agency method and rate of compensation.

Like every business organism, the form the advertising agency took, and the services it rendered to advertisers and media owners, were shaped by three forces: the times in which it operated; the creative ingenuity of the men in it; and the competition among its units. No advertiser, medium owner, or agency owner alone planned and developed today's agency structure.

Instead, its history exhibits perfectly the process by which one student of society says every free world institution grows, namely, "that the men [involved in it], each struggling to carry on existence, unconsciously cooperate to build up associations, organization, customs, and institutions which, after a time, appear full grown and actual, although no one intended, or planned, or understood them in advance."



"What gets me is that he drinks Smirnoff's vodka, wears Hathaway shirts, stirs with Noilly Prat, and still makes only $5,000 a year."

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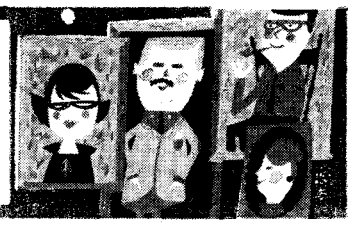
Personalities



Meet the New Press Secretary

PIERRE EMIL SALINGER, President-elect Kennedy's press secretary, is a man of passionate intensity about everything he does, whether it's playing classical piano music or a game of gin rummy or maintaining good press relations. Where Jim Hagerty has been a cool and calculating technician, shielding a figure who was never really at ease in public, Salinger is a gregarious, emphatic individual whose need to be a buffer between the inevitable loneliness of the Presidency and the outside world will be less manifest with Kennedy. The results should be more congenial for all concerned.

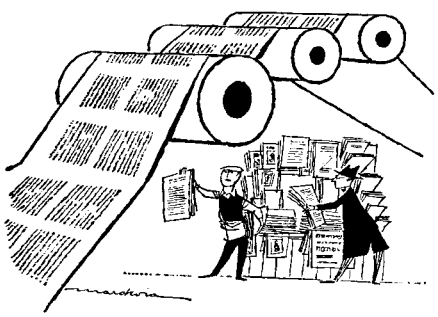
Since he believes firmly in the theory of Presidential availability and in his own responsibility to the public, and since Senator Kennedy himself is very much at home with the press and believes in keeping it informed, the new administration seems certain to be more in touch on a regular basis with the American people than was the case under President Eisenhower. There is, of course, a history of what might be termed Presidential withdrawal—both Presidents Truman and Eisenhower held fewer press conferences as the strains and rigors of their jobs increased, though in fairness to Eisenhower it must be said that he has never proscribed TV tape-recordings of his *ad lib* remarks. As Salinger is making plans, however, with Senator Kennedy's full approval, the predictions are that the new President will meet with the press as often as and perhaps more often than President Roosevelt, and that other areas of coverage in Washington will also become more open.

As this article appears, arrangements to hold a live TV press conference every six weeks or so, and maybe more often, should be in the process of being completed. This should prove an interesting experiment, not without problems both technical and theoretical. While Salinger still favors the hour of 6:30 P.M., Eastern time, for these telecasts, the networks that will take turns carrying them are not over-eager to surrender prime time worth as much as $100,000 an hour. Beyond this financial factor, there is involved here a unique question of principle that has to do, in a sense, with freedom of the press. In effect, some network officials, even though they are eager to cooperate, feel they are being put in the somewhat embarrassing position of being told how to play a story before it has broken. Suppose, they ask, no important news comes out of one of these telecast conferences?

Salinger is convinced that there will be plenty of news breaking, not only at these special conferences but generally. Announcements from the President may be planned, but he wants to keep all press conferences spontaneous —Senator Kennedy is against the Brookings Institution recommendation for questions to be submitted ahead of time in writing—and the new press secretary also hopes that, on occasion, such other high government officials as Secretary of State Dean Rusk will attend the special telecasts, or perhaps even a regular weekly conference.

TO prevent such haphazard performances as occurred during the U-2 crisis, when conflicting statements came from various government departments, Salinger will hold a series of weekly meetings with public affairs officers of all executive branches. The aim, he emphasizes, will not to be to limit the output of news but to coordinate it. Similarly, in an effort to eliminate as much secrecy as possible throughout Washington, Salinger wants to sit down with representatives of the press and the Congressional committee that has been studying this problem and reach some workable conclusions and formulas.

Salinger's bustling approach to his job is in keeping with his background of energy and enthusiasm. Friends who used to work with him on the San Francisco *Chronicle* recall that he covered crime stories with imagination and zest, posing as a vagrant to get himself arrested in an exposé of jail conditions, for example, and that he always expressed his like and dislikes vehemently, whether it concerned friends, crooks, card games, or football teams.



Salinger is a native San Franciscan who was born in 1925, the son of a Jewish mining engineer and a French Catholic mother who was a sometime journalist. He was raised mostly in Toronto, where he was a child musical prodigy, and because of this he was privately tutored in academic subjects. He entered college at sixteen and felt awkward and out of place until the war started. As a young naval officer, he ended up commanding a subchaser in the Pacific, and the experience ended his shyness. When the war was over he financed his last year at college by working as a copy boy on the *Chronicle* and then became an investigative reporter.

He took to smoking cigars and to giving a rough-hewn impression of himself, possibly to build up his new extroversive character, and the guise worked so well that he seemed a natural for the rough-and-tough world of politics. He soon started taking leaves to help run local and then state-wide Democratic campaigns, and in both 1952 and 1956 he worked diligently for Adlai Stevenson. In 1955, he went to work for *Collier's* and was engaged in a teamsters union exposé when the magazine folded. His research logically led to a meeting with Bobby Kennedy, and the upshot was that Kennedy took him on as a staff investigator for the Senate. It was Bobby who recommended him to Senator Kennedy as a press secretary.

Salinger and his second wife, Nancy Joy, and his three children by his first marriage live in a new house they have built in Virginia. Here he still has an occasional chance, in between phone calls, to play Bach and Beethoven and indulge himself in his other favorite pastime of cooking. In the busy days ahead, Salinger will undoubtedly be playing other tunes and stirring other brews in what has turned out to be a vocation instead of an avocation, the fascinating world of politics. Reporters who covered the pre- and post-convention campaigns and the President-elect in recent weeks praise Salinger for his political sagacity and his one-of-the-boys way of making things easier for them. He may well become the most popular press secretary since the late Charley Ross. —ROBERT SHAPLEN.

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Business Journalism

Continued from page 38

ness papers," or "business magazines"). The two categories are as different from each other as a company is from an industry. Trade publications are designed to discuss the interests of specific industries, or segments thereof, rather than those of individual companies. And, with few exceptions, they take paid advertising from many concerns within their fields. Each one specializes in one definite subject—electronics, diapers, upholstering, banking, cereals, concrete, undertaking, or tires.

MOST trade publications derive their greatest income from advertising; some, in fact, may carry far more pages of advertising per year than the biggest consumer magazines. As for subscriptions, the list is divided in half, with a great deal of controversy over which method is more effective. One group defends "paid circulation," arguing that subscribers who pay for their copies are certain to spend time reading each issue. The other group supports "free" or "controlled" circulation, because each publisher can then dictate the recipients of his periodical and add or subtract names at will.

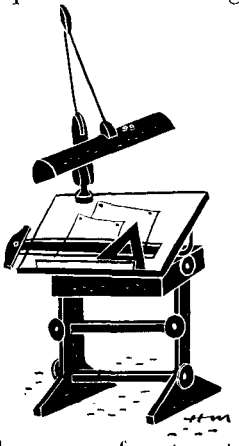
Despite the pros and cons of each method, the fact remains that almost every business executive, professional man, or industrialist reads several trade publications as part of keeping abreast of his job. It is estimated that these periodicals reach a total of 45,000,000 people—double the readership of a decade ago.

Though company publications and trade publications are animals with different stripes, it is interesting to note one similarity. Last year, trade publications earned some $550 million in advertising revenue. During the same period company publications consumed a like amount from corporate budgets for supplies, printing costs, artists' and writers' fees, staff salaries, and other basic expenditures. On the accounting books this sum is all in the red, as far as company publications go. But the returns come in the form of improved employee relations, general promotion of the company name and products or services, upgrading of the corporate image, and better public relations.

Many professional writers and photographers are astonished to learn how substantial the payments can be when working for a company publication on assignment. Quite a few pay photographers $300 a day, plus expenses, and more when color work is involved. *Think*, published by IBM, pays writers from $350 to $750 for an article. The New York Telephone Company's *Telephone Review* quotes its rates at $500 to $800 for a good, solid text of 1,500 to 2,500 words. And many magazines, like *Ford Times*, pay standard rates of ten cents a word and up.

As a result, some company publications rival top consumer magazines in the matter of fine reproduction, color photography, art work, layout and paper stock. As for circulation, about a dozen print more than 1,000,000 copies per issue. *Ford Times* and *Ford Farming* each have about 1,500,000 circulation; *Dodge News* has 1,000,000; *Buick Magazine* has close to 2,000,000. At the top of the list is *Home and Highway*, put out by Allstate Insurance Companies. This digest-size quarterly, which runs at least a dozen color pages and uses nationally known writers, is sent to more than 4,000,000 people, with articles on travel, personalities, the arts, safety, science, and homemaking, among others.

Some company publications, while not fancy or colorful, rate high in prestige and in the significance of editorial content. An outstanding example is *Think*, with a circulation of about 100,000. The quality of the writing can be



seen by the names of past contributors: Henry Steele Commager, William O. Douglas, Allan Nevins, Stewart Holbrook, Eric Sevareid, Chester Bowles, and C. Northcote Parkinson. Its subject matter ranges from visits with well-known personalities like Admiral Nimitz to the farm surplus, the expanding Northwest, how to be a linguist, and Freud's influence on religion.

Other company publications concentrate on the visual side, paying top prices for fine art work. This ranges all the way from a recent color spread in United Airliner's *Mainliner*, using five crayon sketches on "air transportation" by fourth-graders, to a superb issue of Standard Oil's *The Lamp*, covering "Thirty-five Centuries of Colombian Art."

With all of this vast circulation, color reproduction, and continuous hiring of top creative talent, just how significant are the leading company publications in the world of communications? Are they powerful voices or simply muted echoes from the public relations departments?

The criticism has been leveled—and often with strong justification—that company publications are mainly propaganda, since they are directly controlled by the hand that holds the purse strings. John Davis, editor of Shell Oil Company publications, explained their basic purpose succinctly when he listed the two motivations as: 1) to increase the black-ink balance of the company; 2) to decrease the outlay for aspirin. In other words, the idea is, when publishing, to get back something more valuable than the high cost of the investment.

SINCE good will is one common *raison d'être*, company publications are continuously being accused of avoiding discussion of subjects of a controversial nature. In a recent talk before industrial editors, William H. Allen, president of the Boeing Aircraft Corporation, spoke up bluntly on this point (incidentally, Boeing publications *do* have a reputation for airing controversial matters on the editorial pages).

"At the Boeing Company," he said, "we feel there is pressing need for a greater appreciation and use of the media of industrial communication. . . . We are dissatisfied with our own efforts. . . . We wonder whether we have given a proper measure of management support to communication with employees on public issues, . . . whether, in industry generally, the task of communications is being approached with the vigor and the strong management support that *you* [company editors] need in order to do an effective job."

Mr. Allen cited a survey among editors and quoted replies showing that "management is not entirely disposed toward speaking out on economic and controversial issues."

Happily, however, the trend is away from the head-in-the-sand attitude. Harry Anderson, a vice president of the International Council of Industrial Editors, recently pointed out to me some of "the gutsy stuff being done by many of our low-budget internals." At the A. O. Smith Company, he said, "editor Jerry Blackstone did a superb economic education series aimed at improving the business climate in Wisconsin. It was a pip of a series! All he did was to take on the state legislature!"

He also told how, in Peoria, "editor Fred Brosmer did a story in Caterpillar's *News and Views* on company policy regarding the hiring of Negroes." Caterpillar editors are by no means new to controversy. A few years back they landed a hard jab on the corporate chin

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by headlining one story: "Our Competitors Are Capitalizing on Our Failure to Produce." Other companies that have a reputation for outspoken editorials are the Koppers Company, General Electric, the Timken Roller Bearing Company, Rockford Machine Tool, the Kennecott Company, and Perfect Circle.

The fact that company publications are today taking a firmer stand editorially than in the past is a result of more aggressive editorial leadership. The evidence of change is clear in a report called "Operation Tapemeasure," on a survey by the ICIE among its editors. The 1,573 editors answering the questionnaires indicated that there was a distinct rise in the maturity and experience of personnel editing company publications.

By far the biggest development, however, has been the sheer numerical increase in company publications in the last few years. The old "house organ" originated more than a century ago, but by the mid-Thirties there were still only some 300 in the United States. Then the early years of World War II saw a startling rebirth, as publications sprang up in hundreds of defense plants, to help orient workers new to industry. With the end of the war, and a changeover to peacetime production, the demand for *external* publications began as companies saw a need for communicating with the public about their products and services. By 1955, the ranks had swelled to more than 6,500. And it has increased another 50 per cent in the last five years.

For the past seven years, keeping pace with the growth of the medium, there has been a rapid rise in both circulation and size, says *House Magazine Directory*, published by the man who is perhaps the best general authority in this field, Conley ("Con") Gebbie. Mr. Gebbie not only puts out the directory, but also acts as a management consultant to firms that wish to improve their publications. The *Directory* itself is fascinating to browse through. It lists not only the name of each publication and the company behind it, but also the size, frequency, method of printing, circulation, editor, and general data on editorial content. Among the 3,500 or so entries, you will find the widest imaginable assortment of names, from the whimsical to the formal. There are many old standbys, such as fifteen *Bulletins*, eleven *Spotlights*, seventeen *Contacts*, and half a dozen *Echoes*. But you will also find lighthearted tie-ins with company interests (Hiram Walker's *Spirit* or New Jersey Power & Light's *Live Wire*) and such quaint titles as *Anvil Chorus, Biscuits and Bonbons, The Ink Pot Farmer, The Groupvine,* or *Salt Bath Tips & Trends.*

Breakthrough in TV

Continued from page 35

allocations of frequencies for space communications. The next ITU conference will probably be held in Geneva in 1963. A dedicated, purposeful free world position, attractive to most nations, could conceivably embarrass the Russians into agreeing to an adequate, orderly allocation of space frequencies, which are vital to space exploration as well as to international television.

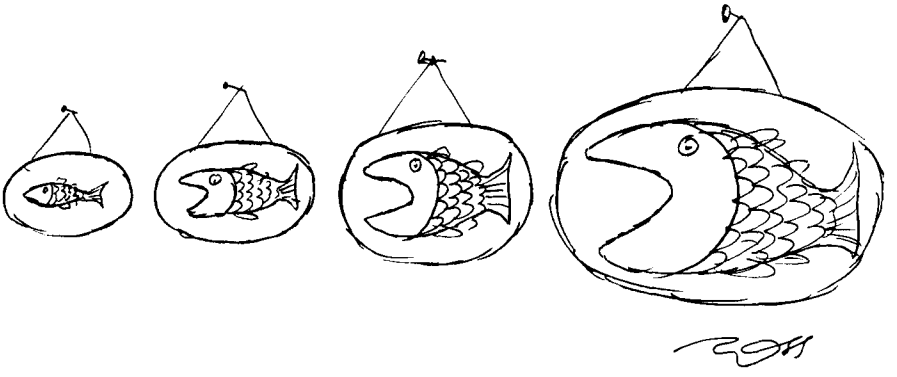
IT IS difficult to find evidence in the United States of any comprehensive, long-range planning for the national interest in the international television situation. The communications and space technology industries are pursuing their important, private goals exclusively in the scientific, commercial field. Many talented scientists, engineers, and entrepreneurs are thinking of the *traffic* in international TV; few seem to be thinking of the "composition" of the traffic.

Are international, commercial TV programs the best and only chess pieces we have to offer in the contest with the Communist nations? Just how enamored will the leaders of the emergent African and Asian nations be about reruns of American TV film series when their peoples desperately need a telescoping of mass education to move them rapidly into the twentieth century? If these emergent nations shut out our dubbed TV product, what chess pieces will the USSR play? The Russians are not so dependent on broadcasting as we are, in their efforts to communicate with the new countries.

The USSR has, in effect, a closed-wire circuit. Africa and Asia are contiguous land masses to the Soviet. Technicians, propagandists, agents for internal subversion can reach these nations directly by land. We must cross oceans to reach them—by broadcasting. More important than reaching them with our own communications, perhaps, is the opportunity now afforded us of making television facilities available to them for their own educational purposes.

The federal government licenses domestic broadcasters to operate in the public interest. Could we not perhaps extend this public interest concept to the international level? The new nations cannot conceivably afford the great cost of a complex television system. The free world, perhaps through the United Nations, could make television facilities available to these countries to use within their own borders for educational purposes. Our own TV manufacturers and networks could provide technical leadership and program know-how. General ground rules, in harmony with free world traditions, could be laid down governing the use of such facilities. Can we afford, in the national interest, to stay out of the international communication business at its highest social and political levels? The Russians, at Geneva in 1963, could possibly bring to a halt the free world effort to achieve international order in the space frequencies. In that event, any kind of international space relay TV, commercial or otherwise, would become a risky affair, one fraught with dangerous interference problems.

THE free world could make it expedient for the USSR to concur in adequate frequency allocations if it had an imaginative social as well as technical program for future space communications among nations. Certainly the United States, a leader among the communicating powers, might give some thought to this matter now. At the door of the space communication age we seem to be following the old ad hoc, interim, multiple, trial-and-error path of scientific development. It may not be the best path in the polarized world of today. We no longer have slow-moving history to cushion our mistakes. International communication needs not only an advancing technology but a philosophy "in the public interest."



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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1399

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Laborious study; overlabored work.	69 105 153 23 159 184 17 133 31 144 88
B. Great N-flowing river of Canada, along which is believed one of largest oil reservoirs in the world.	59 108 99 116 65 154 182 143 72
C. Naturally wanting suitability for something.	26 162 114 118 79
D. One of slang's many expressions for to thrash; as 2 wds., a choice cut of meat.	103 122 173 169 22 38 95 55
E. Relating to a score.	147 9 25 107 41 135 32
F. Subject of any of Aristotle's famous three treatises.	140 156 56 7 128 76
G. Detachable forepart of a gun carriage.	131 102 64 91 112 47
H. Diaskeuast.	134 15 78 42 129 151
I. Old French poem in which two characters hold a debate.	66 152 161 74 5 46
J. Rich gold region, news of which started the rush to Alaska (2 wds.).	18 124 100 177 93 171 110 132 51 33 12
K. U.S. speech teachers' parallel to Professor Higgins' "Rain in Spain" (4 wds.).	121 48 62 97 10 39 92 20 150 40 148 73 137 139

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Tenth cent. Norwegian navigator who named Greenland (3 wds.).	70 142 87 119 183 50 94 174 4 6
M. Having the nature of alms.	175 83 157 163 115 126 57 21 170 109 136 186
N. Common vegetable, but much under normal size (2 wds.).	180 16 141 30 146 123 101 158 166 75 35
O. Presumably the message of the sheeted dead who squeaked in the Roman streets ("Hamlet").	117 63 89 106 19 3 85 77 43
P. Delicate, subtle, bright intelligence.	149 71 60 13 96 155
Q. To hang above like a projecting part.	113 11 2 138 167 81 178 120
R. Value of the good cigar wished for by Vice-President Marshall (3 wds.).	82 44 164 67 111 181 145 98 8 53 80 37 49 1
S. Perishing after seasonal life.	36 14 24 54 29 130 185 127 104
T. Keats judged it "fair" in the Attic shape on his Grecian urn.	176 86 52 34 45 90 28 165
U. Two words frequently used as preface to one's own name.	125 58 160 179 61 68 172 168 27 84

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 R	2 Q	3 O	4 L		5 I		6 L	7 F	8 R	9 E	10 K	11 Q	12 J
13 P	14 S	15 H		16 N	17 A	18 J	19 O	20 K		21 M	22 D	23 A		24 S	25 E	26 C
27 U	28 T		29 S	30 N	31 A	32 E	33 J		34 T	35 N		36 S	37 R	38 D	39 K	
40 K	41 E	42 H	43 O		44 R	45 T		46 I	47 G	48 K	49 R	50 L		51 J	52 T	
53 R	54 S	55 D	56 F		57 M	58 U	59 B	60 P		61 U	62 K	63 O	64 G		65 B	66 I
67 R	68 U	69 A	70 L	71 P		72 B	73 K	74 I	75 N	76 F	77 O		78 H	79 C		80 R
81 Q		82 R	83 M	84 U		85 O	86 T		87 L	88 A		89 O	90 T	91 G	92 K	93 J
94 L	95 D		96 P	97 K		98 R	99 B	100 J		101 N	102 G	103 D		104 S	105 A	106 O
107 E	108 B	109 M	110 J	111 R	112 G		113 Q	114 C		115 M	116 B	117 O	118 C	119 L		120 Q
121 K	122 D	123 N	124 J		125 U	126 M	127 S		128 F	129 H	130 S	131 G	132 J		133 A	134 H
135 E	136 M		137 K	138 Q		139 K	140 F	141 N	142 L		143 B	144 A	145 R	146 N	147 E	148 K
149 P		150 K	151 H		152 I	153 A	154 B	155 P	156 F	157 M	158 N		159 A	160 U	161 I	
162 C	163 M	164 R	165 T	166 N		167 Q	168 U	169 D	170 M		171 J	172 U		173 D	174 L	175 M
176 T	177 J		178 Q	179 U		180 N	181 R	182 B	183 L	184 A	185 S	186 M				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

A Warm Welcome for Kastle's "Deseret"

A MULTIPLICITY of things come together in "Deseret," which began the new year of NBC-TV opera in warmly satisfying style. First, there is the high degree of resource developed by the producing group over a period of ten years, which enables it to realize so many values of a new work at a first try. And in the new work itself, composer Leonard Kastle and librettist Anne Howard Bailey have gathered together a host of operatic trends from the recent past (as exemplified by Douglas Moore, Gian Carlo Menotti, Benjamin Britten, as well as Copland and Barber) into musical patterns not unworthy of the ambitious subject they have chosen—the character and faith of Brigham Young.

This is much to say nowadays of the work of a thirty-one-year-old composer, but Kastle (New York born, Curtis trained) has brought it on himself with the artfulness and skill with which he has evolved an air of simplicity and directness suitable to the tale of devotion versus duty, youth contesting against age, the sectarian creed of the Mormons confronting the larger values of the "gentile" world. In stirring our interest equally in the elderly Young's first wife Sarah (quietly but eloquently played by Rosemary Kuhlmann) and the girlish Ann Louisa, whom he would make his twenty-fifth (sung and acted with sweet appeal by Judith Raskin), Kastle has shown a sense of musical-dramatic values and a compositional capacity that inspire sound hopes for his creative future.

But it is the form and strength with which Young himself is invested that determine success or failure with a two-hour work devoted to his visions, dreams, and beliefs. Kastle (powerfully assisted by the reverential talents of Kenneth Smith) has made him not merely believable, but absorbing. Indeed, it is a clue to the balance with which the whole subject has been treated that when Act II ends with the TV equivalent of a curtain—a station break—one has no sure intimation which way the drama will turn, whether Ann Louisa will become the first wife of the young "gentile" who has suddenly come into her life, or be faithful to the pledge she has given to the sixty-year-old Young. As Young himself resolves it, it is true to his character and thus artistically right.

Needless to say, there are moments along the way when the treatment sags a bit and the compositional well momentarily runs low, if not dry. Were this not so, "Deseret" would be that improbable thing, a masterpiece. But so much of it is so good that the valleys are clearly the counterpart of the musical peaks. The pertinent facts about "Deseret" are that Kastle has put the drama in motion with music of atmosphere and purpose, achieved its climax successfully, and resolved the cyclical scheme with no suggestion of artificiality or contrivance.

He has also made pertinent use of Mormon-derived hymns to color and identify the background in a context of singability that treats the ears of the audience with respect, the voices of the performers with affection. Best of his technical skills is the valuable one enunciated at the start of letting the orchestra carry motival matters while the voices develop character and drama above it. Miss Bailey's well-phrased (something quite different from high-flown) text is especially helpful in the conversational exchanges, which are vital and continuous through the three acts. She and Kastle have been less successful in characterizing Captain James Dee (well performed by John Alexander), who poses the emotional dilemma for Ann Louisa, but this is perhaps inevitable, as he is basically an idea rather than an individual. Likewise shadowy are the senior Brices (Mac Morgan and Marjorie McClung); but they serve the parental purpose tolerably well, while providing the additional voices desired for the contrasting ensembles that punctuate the score.

This score, as intimated, is something of a composite of the methods of Menotti (with whom Kastle studied for a time), the native humors of Moore, the "prairie" style of Copland, the vocal inflections of Barber, and the orchestral interlining of Britten. This is merely to say that, like every composer of worth, Kastle has antecedents. He has reacted, in the nuclear sense, to the elements of his choice, and the personal fission thereof is evident. Kirk Browning's direction of the drama, as effectively visualized in Jan Scott's settings, was good theatre as well as excellent television, and the always competent Peter Herman Adler seized the opportunities provided by Kastle to evolve musical patterns of real beauty and meaning. Here is an investment of which NBC can be not only happy but also proud.

As a by-product of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski's first appearance as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic (an opportunity provided for the new music director of the Minneapolis Symphony by the lamented death of Dimitri Mitropoulos), his Carnegie Hall audience had the opportunity to become acquainted with the "Concerto for Orchestra" of Witold Lutoslawski. Now nearing fifty, Lutoslawski was programmatically identified as possibly "the greatest living Polish composer"—a characterization supported by the craft embodied in this score if not by all the esthetic view it propounds.

Bartók and Shostakovitch are understandable influences on the work of a contemporary in a land tangential to theirs, with results of quality in the opening "Intrada's" mournful intensity and a following "Capriccio notturno" of no little imaginative power. But in the concluding "Passacaglia, toccata e corale" Lutoslawski appeared intent on striking out on paths of his own, which led, instead, into the orchestral thickets of Ravel, Respighi, and other masters of the spectacular. In other words, a very loud, overcomplicated ending to a quietly promising beginning.

Ideologically, Skrowaczewski (Skrova-*chev*-ski) is in the forward ranks of the contemporary phalanx of musicians whose classicism is Stravinsky, with Brahms dimly historical and Mozart prehistory. Thus the seeming involvements of a score such as Lutoslawski's are manageable by technique alone, of which he has an abundance. But the real problem of the string quintet writing of Mozart's A major Symphony (No. 29)—how much to do little enough?—cannot be answered by formula or musical mechanics. Skrowaczewski's treatment, vigorous and forthright, was also overtense, lacking in flexibility or subtlety.

FOR the first time in an eon of "Gioconda," the street singer was not Zinka Milanov when Ponchielli's opera made one of its periodic reappearances at the Metropolitan during the holiday period. It was, instead, Eileen Farrell, who can hardly hope to equal her predecessor's twenty-year prominence in the part, but may put a mark of her own on it for others to aim at.

She began with admirable inclinations to finesse and artistry, but it was the wrong time in the wrong theatre for such amenities. Nothing so little serves to soothe the savage operatic breast as "Gioconda," whether it be tenor or mezzo, baritone or basso. The

(*Continued on page* 53)

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FIREPROOF COLLECTOR

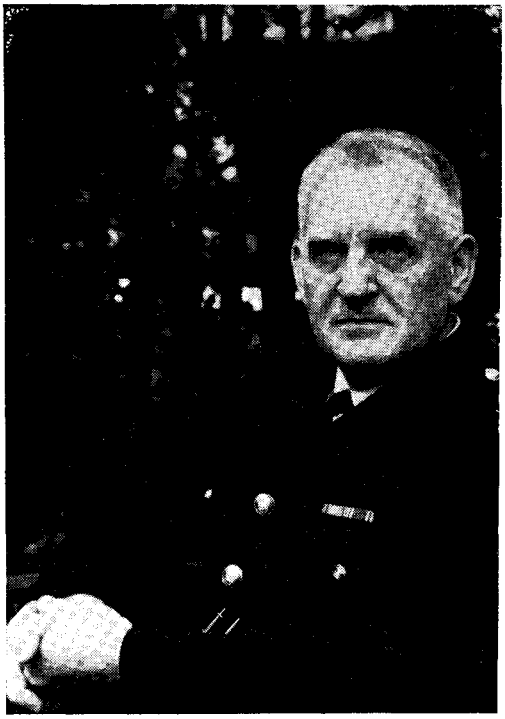
By JAN HOLCMAN

EVERY serious record collector must at least once have had a ghastly feeling that his irreplaceable discs were burning when he heard screaming fire trucks rushing in the direction of his home. There is but one collector who has never experienced this fear. His name is S. J. Capes; his occupation: fireman. He is a station officer on the headquarters staff near London, and his family home is practically attached to the firehouse, making his extensive collection of piano recordings one of the best-protected treasures in the world.

What I discovered about such a curious collector as Mr. Capes should be of interest to all discophiles who have dreamed of tracking down their favorite rare renditions to the collector's lair. To begin with, one must distinguish between dealers and collectors—for with few exceptions, it is only the dealer who will part with a unique disc he could never replace. Rarely do the two demons inhabit the same soul. Prominent dealers of 78s are decreasing in regrettable measure, and the chances of finding a particular item are all the smaller. To spot such a disc (a process that may take years) one must try everything, even a crystal ball. I have traveled to remote cities, informed by a source equally remote that a record I sought was available—often a false alarm (all varieties of which are surely well known to Mr. Capes). Even obtaining a home-made copy can be a problem, for the family of collectors is singularly lacking in *esprit de corps*. Experienced collectors know how to deal with their colleagues, at times bargaining openly and at times hiding a most valuable item (usually a duplicate) to offer it at a high ransom later. Yet, if by some logical impossibility, all dedicated collectors were to own all their unapproachable rarities, the search for less attractive items would still continue: for the Don Juans of discs, the quest is often more thrilling than the catch.

On close examination the family of collectors, in the field of music, breaks down into different categories. These range in the quality of their dedication from the light amateur to the serious professional, and the materials that interest collectors run the gamut from music's minutiae to the total arsenal of music. The wise collector quickly realizes that to acquire everything that has to do with even a single instrument is impossible, but the radiant optimism with which he nevertheless pursues the impossible remains a wonder to behold. Those who persist in the attempt to build a universal collection, while stressing certain aspects within that collection, often create a curious yet beneficial condition for the collector who specializes. Very often such a collector may find a rare piano disc (if that is his specialty), a musical stepchild that has strayed into a non-piano collection and which is undervalued for that reason. If he is astute enough he can probably get the disc for less than its current worth. It is plain that the Herculean task for collectors is to know where every item that interests them is located, around the globe, and to develop the technique for guiding such items into their own collections. In short, a rewarding search would demand acquaintance with all the collectors on the face of the earth.

SINCE there are never enough dealers or compatriots for the methodical discophile, and since they are widely scattered, in 1950 I resorted to advertising in the English *Gramophone*, which at that time was still a promising platform in the field. My ad produced a rather unusual list of "colleagues," almost tempting me to start a collection of collectors! To be sure, rarities among recordings have their equivalent in rarities among collectors. The mentioned list included some strange people under quite unlikely addresses: "Poultry Farm, Westward Ho!" "Railroad Station," etc. One of them, for instance, certainly enjoyed writing as much as collecting, his frequent letters containing endless and precise lists of "offers" ink-printed by hand. The family of record collectors includes a rich variety of *homo sapiens*: lonely bachelors, family men, broken-family men, and others. One of them spends his life on the sea as a ship's officer, but piano recordings remain his leading passion. I imagine



Capes—"the only outsider listed for referral on piano records at the BBC library."

the spacelessness of the sea and the timelessness of the music create for him an infinitude the bounded world cannot bring. There is the young, wealthy man with three thousand Duo-Art piano rolls, and Duo-Art alone. They seem to be the only things that elicit a genuine smile on his otherwise expressionless countenance. In New York there is a collector who—to digress from the piano—has amassed about a dozen pipe organs in not as many rooms. This one is married; discretion restrains us from quoting his wife's remarks. And what about the elderly woman in Buffalo, who was seized by the ambition to collect everything connected, even loosely, with her idol Chopin?

One response to the English *Gramophone* ad came from a collector in Brooklyn and had a touching conclusion. I went to see him. To my initial disappointment I found that he was a vocal fan. "I thought you were offering piano discs," I said to him with resignation. "I am," quickly answered the man, who had only a few dozen "pianos" among a few thousand "vocals." Since I was on a limited budget, I bought only a single Paderewski for one dollar. He was not upset. He knew that I was a musician and soon he confessed that he had always wanted to share my profession, but "family . . . children . . . obligations. . . ." Perhaps what he really wanted was to talk to a functioning musician and thus to establish a connection with the living musical world. When I was ready to leave his cheerful home (wife, four children, up-

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right piano, and phonograph), he stopped me. His feelings were so much in earnest that he offered to present me with a dozen very rare piano discs free of charge—"for which I have no use," he reassured me. Nor would he let me go until I had accepted them.

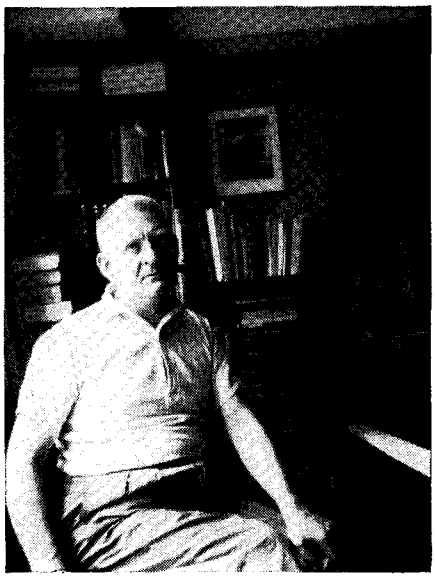
IT was through one of these advertisements that I discovered my fire officer, who replied by mail from England. Knowing that everyone has something no one else has—and some of us want to have a few discs which no one else ever *will* have—I tried to find a truly seductive bait for a trip to London, which I had postponed till last summer. Before I left, a record fan who knew Mr. Capes advised me in rather direct terms, "Take with you a rare Godowsky disc, and he will eat out of your hand."

In London I found that Mr. Capes does not live right in town, but at a distance I can only identify as a twenty-shilling taxi ride away. English taxi drivers are, in the majority, gentlemen, but mine outdid himself. Dressed meticulously, sporting a red silk handkerchief (Harrods), emanating subtle wafts of a superb eau de cologne (Fabergé), his silver mustache and gracious movements gave him the appearance of a true aristocrat. I thought that I might offend him with a tip. The meter showed one pound. I suddenly decided to go to the opposite extreme and added an additional half-pound, since less would have been tactless. He didn't even look at the amount I gave him but nonchalantly slid it into his pocket with the same indifferent elegance he had displayed throughout the trip. I risked a question: "Aren't you afraid I may have made a mistake? You didn't look." "I never look, sir," he replied with a laconic shrug, and drove away.

Actually, he had let me off a few minutes' walk from Mr. Capes's house. On my way I passed a poster announcing "Concert parties every Saturday at 7 p.m., admission 7/—. People over 70 free." A pity, I was too young. Then, led by the smooth sound of Chopin's Scherzo in E (played, undoubtedly, by the pre-war Rubinstein), I found Mr. Capes in his two-story house. The tall, polite, but hardened fireman greeted me and indicated a chair. The room looked smaller than it was, crowded by records, books, piano, and a simple homemade phonograph. The walls were decorated with several photographs of Rachmaninoff, Hofmann, Busoni, and a daguerrotype of Chopin. I was soon drawn to the piano, a solid 1895 Bechstein grand, which Mr. Capes affectionately declared he "would not part with for anything in the world." At the age of seventeen he had put all his savings into this instrument, which became his "constant joy." Firefighters are brave people, but to spend one's last penny on a piano takes still another kind of courage, that born of dedication.

The mecca of my pilgrimage numbered about 3,000 piano 78s (with a few recently added LPs). "I am trying to collect with the intention of making a cross section of piano playing since 1900," Mr. Capes told me. His oldest record is the 1898 Grunfeld on Berliner. The rarest is perhaps the 1905 Warsaw G. T. by Michalowski (Russian label!), who was the illustrious teacher of Landowska, and himself a pupil of Tausig, on which he performs his difficult transcription of the "Minute" Waltz (Chopin) in double-notes. Other rarities include Louis Diemer, Janotha, Riesler (even less known today than Pugno). Mr. Capes also has the Tchaikowsky Concerto with Sapelnikoff, who used to perform it under the composer.

QUITE erudite on the subject, Mr. Capes has prepared detailed discographies on Busoni, de Pachmann, Hofmann, Godowsky, Sauer, etc., which have been published in specialized magazines and bulletins. Of particular interest to collectors should be his longer list of early piano recordings, printed in 1956. Many pianists may disagree with Mr. Capes's slightly arbitrary evaluations—with his praise, for example, of de Pachmann performing the Chopin - Godowsky "Revolutionary" Etude. Mr. Capes also takes his hobby rather seriously when he counts (in his more discriminating moments) 104 errors in the technical fingerwork of de Pachmann as evidenced on his forty separate discs. I have also learned that Mr. Capes likes de Pachmann's version of the A flat Impromptu (Chopin) and that he found in his 1912 rendition the embryonic mistakes that grew and were repeated in de Pachmann's later recordings (Etude, Opus 10, No. 5). I prefer not to pass on the accuracy of Mr. Capes's heartfelt judgments.



Capes at home—the photo on the wall is of Josef Hofmann.

Violating the collector's principle of concentrating upon one branch, Mr. Capes also became interested in stamps, which in his own way he has combined with music (e.g., Polish stamps that bear a portrait of Chopin, or other stamps with a similar relation to music). Mr. Capes has carefully studied this field and his efforts were recently evidenced by his winning a gold medal at the Polish International Philatelists' Exhibition, held in England.

This hobby dates only from 1954, but Mr. Capes's collection already numbers 5,000 items. He concentrates on two subdivisions of this field: Polish stamps are foremost, including a stamp dating from 1860, if not earlier; the other is his two pedantically edited and annotated volumes devoted to musicians, including Beethoven, Mozart (with some unissued stamp designs, a parallel to the rare unreleased discs in his record collection), and many others. These albums are beautifully presented with stamps on one page and, on the adjacent leaf, a reproduction of the original plate, or medallions that served as patterns for certain stamps —his own device. His stamps include a few specimens comparable in their elusiveness to his unique Michalowski disc, but Mr. Capes's interest in recordings, like ours, exceeds his preoccupation with his stamps.

THE remarkable fireman has a secret. I had suspected it, but it was not easy to get from him. Let us sincerely say that Mr. Capes's flirtation with music did not seem to have been entirely platonic. How did it start? I asked, but he hastily assured me that nobody in his family had been a musician. Fleeing from my interrogation, he switched to a diversionary "What would you say about the large appetite of each collector? We always want more; we enjoy discs! Even if they are bad, we want them, not because they are bad. . . ." But I was more persistent, and badgered him in the same key: "Have you ever studied music?" Alas, yes, he had. First the violin; then, at fourteen, the piano. "No," he said, "I can't play now, but then I did reasonably well for myself." He never made a real living from the piano: "I realized quickly that I would never go anywhere with it, and began to collect records and books on pianism. Twenty-five years ago I decided to go into a fire job. Exciting, you know.

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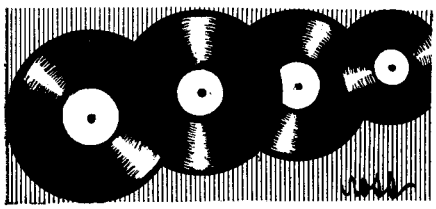
Started by rescuing a mother with two children." He is now the father of two himself.

Amateurs are usually referred to by professionals, if at all, with a wry grimace. Yet some have more enthusiasm than the "pros," and can render their fanatical devotion useful in the profession. Mr. Capes's collection contains, for example, catalogues of recordings and other information not readily found in the files of musicians or, for that matter, on the shelves of public libraries. And if amateurs do not possess the expert knowledge that might enable them to write authoritatively on the technical and artistic qualities of a musical performance, they nevertheless can and often do provide valuable source material for the professional. In this respect, during the war Mr. Capes arranged recorded concerts for music societies. To this day some excellent pianists visit him in order to hear a disc not available elsewhere. When I myself saw his large collection, with its related materials,



its rare data, and catalogues of piano rolls, I no longer wondered why Mr. Capes was the only outsider listed for referral on piano records at the BBC gramophone library—an honor he discloses not without obvious pride. He has also broadcast his specialty over BBC on several occasions.

BUT I still wanted to hear more from Mr. Capes about his *actual* profession —his duties as a fireman. "Have you ever been hurt in a fire?" I queried. "No," he answered, "I have a great instinct for self-preservation. We have a saying that a good fireman never gets hurt." I asked him whether there was any linkage (even an abstract one) between his work and his musical avocation, but he said, "No, except when I am on a job for a long time, music begins to run through my mind." Which excited him more? "A new piano recording is hotter than a fire!" Wondering at what superimposed dreams he had at night, but disposing of Nero's fiddling while Rome burned as too obvious, I left Mr. Capes and his many worlds. Only when I was halfway back to America did I realize I had forgotten to ask my brave collector if he had, as a practical measure rather than a gap in his faith, ever taken out fire insurance.

Handel the Dramatist

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

PORTENTS of a continuing increase of the Handel renaissance continue to appear. His opera "Alcina" has benefited greatly from the advent of Joan Sutherland, who has sung the title role in London (1957) and in a spectacular production at Venice (1960). "Hercules" has returned from the dead: in 1958 at La Scala as an opera, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Fedora Barbieri, Franco Corelli, and Jerome Hines; more recently at Town Hall, New York, in an American Opera Society concert version (the way Handel intended it, despite what some critics wrote), again with Schwarzkopf, but also with Christa Ludwig and Walter Berry. In November, 1959, Covent Garden mounted "Samson" as an opera, with Miss Sutherland as Micah and Jon Vickers in the title role. In 1959, too, the Florentine Maggio Musicale presented the Italian premiere of "Orlando" and the Berlin Städtische Oper made a box office hit of an operatic production of "Belshazzar."

Two facts seem certain. Handel suffers the fate of any great dramatist when he is heard only in excerpts, (by which most of his operas are phonographically represented) and he must be sung and played by artists of the first category, of the quality of Ludwig, Sutherland, Schwarzkopf, and Vickers, if we are to hear him in all his overwhelming power. Of the two recordings to be considered here, one contains excerpts from a single opera performed by first-rate artists and the second has excerpts from three operas and three oratorios performed by almost wholly inadequate forces. Even at the holiday season, however, we are expected to show gratitude for favors and fractions of favors. I shall try.

On Deutsche Gramophon stereo SLPM 138637 ($6.98), Karl Böhm conducts the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra while Irmgard Seefried and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau sing arias and scenes from "Giulio Cesare." Much on the credit side must be mentioned the singer's fine Italian diction (no *qveste* or *qvelle* here) and their assumption that the text and the music both have meaning. On the negative side, however, are not only the fact that these are "bleeding chunks" of "Giulio Cesare," but also Böhm's overslow, too relaxed conducting and the weary sound of Miss Seefried's voice. But this record does give us performances, with some sense of apposite style, of such marvels as "V'adoro, pupille," "Dall'ondoso periglio," "Piangerò," and the "Caro! Bella!" duet. It may be a little late for Seefried to be singing Cleopatra, but Fischer-Dieskau is a fine Caesar—and why not a complete "Giulio Cesare" with him and, say, Sutherland and other singers of (or at least near) their quality?

On a Bach Guild recording (Vanguard Stereolab BGS 5029, $5.95), the persistent voice of the countertenor Alfred Deller only makes my ears hunger for Russell Oberlin, for it more and more lacks the beauty of tone by means of which Oberlin obliterates any continuing sensation of freakishness. I am delighted to own arias from "Serse" (guess which), "Orlando," and "Rinaldo," arias from "Jephtha" (the record envelope consistently misspells it as "Jeptha"), "L'Allegro," and "Theodora," but I am not delighted to have them sung by Deller, a merely adequate tenor named Wilfred Brown, and an untidy baritone (Maurice Bevan). Here only a soprano called either Eilten or Eileen Poulter (she is called both on the envelope) approaches full justice to Handel, but does it in "Lascia ch'io pianga," which has been recorded often by experts from Olszewska and Onegin and Muzio to Swarthout and Barbieri. And over this entire recording, despite the admirable efforts of the conductor, Anthony Lewis, creeps that white-voiced oratorio pall which hilariously introduces religiosity into erotic texts, a Sunday-go-to-meeting atmosphere into military splendors and dramatic confrontations.

Like the Verdi renaissance, the Handel renaissance began in Germany. If records are to offer us some of the excitement that staged Handel has been arousing there and in Italy, we may have to take Handel from the English (but not the Australians and Canadians) for a while. He would benefit more from treatment by experts in Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi—many of whom today are Austrians and Germans—than from semi-amateur successors of Dame Clara Butt, Heddle Nash, Webster Booth, and Isobel Baillie. This applies to "Messiah" as well as to his operas and to his other, more dramatic and more characteristic oratorios.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 49

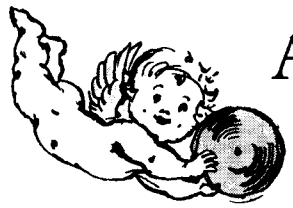
battle was joined when Richard Tucker chose to climax a powerful rather than poetic performance of "Cielo e mar" with a little hop toward the footlights and an over-the-head flourish of the right hand as though he were concluding a Highland Fling rather than an apostrophe to sky and sea. He sowed, thereby, a ringing round of applause from the audience, but he also reaped a harvest of competition, for Nell Rankin, as Laura, clearly has a louder voice than his, and Miss Farrell can sing louder than both without really trying.

When she did try, she dominated the performance with a breadth of middle-register sound and rousing top that made more noise than it did music. Eventually Miss Farrell will come around to the awareness that this is a disservice to her true vocal character; but she must apparently learn it in this theatre by battle experience alone. As a member in good standing of the walking wounded, she did not let down the Milanov dramatic standard, nor much improve upon it, though her blond wig and well-engineered costume made her a properly pictorial part of the production.

As the management is not currently acknowledging that this "production" dates to 1924, and the conducting could be equally anonymous, it is clear that what this "Gioconda" needs more than anything else is a new "Gioconda." As Enzo, Tucker has long since gone to dramatic seed in his vain employment of a beautiful voice, and Robert Merrill's Barnaba has lost its bounce and vitality in emulation, post-Warren, of a vocal volume he never possessed. As Badoero, Bonaldo Giaiotti was over his head in this raucous company. Thus the best vocal effort of the evening was Mignon Dunn's "Voce di donna."

Miss Dunn had another moment of prominence in an "Arabella" of the same week in which she sang Adelaide. Aside from looking more like Lisa Della Casa's older sister than her mother, Miss Dunn made much of the role's vocal opportunities. Sharper enunciation of the English text would help. Other changes permitted Robert Nagy to show the uncommon volume and good quality of his tenor voice as Elemer, but Charles Anthony's sound lacks sufficient ring or thrust to make good the requirements of Matteo, though he looked well. It was, otherwise, a Della Casa-Rothenberger-London-Hurley evening, with Erich Leinsdorf constantly adding values to his conducting of the score.

—Irving Kolodin.



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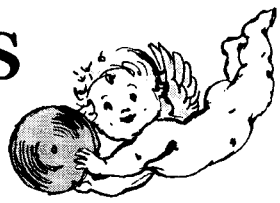

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The Sound of Houston

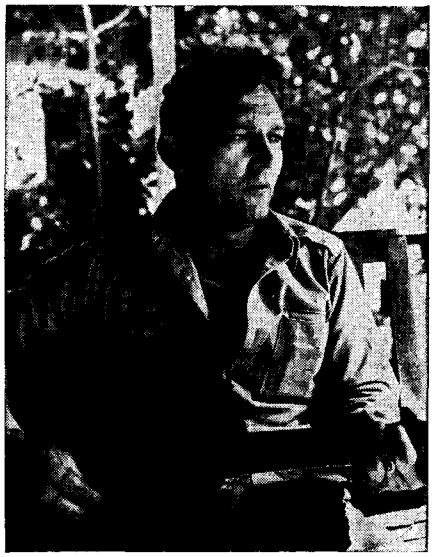
By PETER J. WELDING

IN February of 1951, a group of folklorists and enthusiasts in the Houston, Texas, area—led by collectors John A. Lomax, Jr., Chester Bower, Harold Belikoff, and folksingers Pete Seeger and Ed Badeaux—banded together to form the Houston Folklore Group, with the purpose of documenting the extensive and vigorous body of folk music to be heard in the Houston and East Texas region. Their initial recording was done at Ramsey and Retrieve State Farms, two of the Texas prison work camps located about fifty miles south of the sprawling city, where some impressive examples of the powerful, surging call-and-response singing of the Negro convict work gangs were captured on tape (some of these selections have been made available on a twelve-inch Folkways recording, "Negro Prison Camp Work Songs," FE 4475, $5.95). A number of other selections were recorded at the Houston Folk Festival before the project was temporarily shelved when the group ran out of funds.

Yet the project was not entirely abandoned. It has been carried forward through the efforts of various individual collectors and enthusiasts — haphazard efforts, for the most part, until a few years ago when it fell into the hands of Mack McCormick, the Houston folklorist-playwright who was responsible for the re-emergence of "Lightnin'" Hopkins. It was under McCormick's direction and largely through his efforts that the nine-year project was ultimately brought to completion.

Over 400 items have been recorded since the project was initiated, representing just about every musical style and culture that has contributed to the shaping of our American folk music. A duplicate set of the original recordings has been made and the tapes placed on file at the University of Texas Folklore Archive in Austin, one of the nation's larger folklore repositories. A third set will be made and filed at the Archive of American Folk Song in the Library of Congress when sufficient funds become available for the purchase of raw tape. (It might be mentioned that the library is dependent upon contributions and donations for the support of such projects.)

From these 400 items McCormick has selected twenty-one selections for release on a single commercial long-play recording, the first in a series of three discs designed to make the nucleus of the collection available to collectors. This album, "A Treasury of Field Recordings," Vol. 1, issued on the British label "77" Records, is one of the most exciting and valuable folk music collections in years. This first volume, subtitled "Traditional Music and Song," contains impressive samplings of Anglo-American ballads, Negro vocal blues and instrumental music, white "country music," monologues, washboard band music, and Negro prison camp work songs. The second disc in the series, "Regional and Personalized Song," which will contain fifteen selections, is currently in preparation and should be made available by the end of the year. A third volume, which will concentrate on music in the Spanish language traditions, Negro gospel music, and dance hall and cabaret music, is planned.



Jimmy Womack — "a singer in the strong Anglo-American current."

Volume 1, "Traditional Music and Song," with its multiplicity of musical styles, argues that the Houston and East Texas area is one of the most fertile regions in the country in the variety and vitality of its folk music traditions. Not only have a great number of older folk styles been preserved, but they have been preserved untouched by the standardization that has brought the influence of radio, "Top Forty" programming, juke boxes, and the like into remote parts of the land.

Why has so much of this music been preserved almost intact in the Houston area? As McCormick remarks in his prefatory notes to the collection: "The city of Houston is, in fact, less a city than it is an amalgam of villages and townships, surrounding a cluster of skyscrapers. Each section of the city tends to reflect the region which it faces—usually being settled by people from that region. Thus, the Louisiana French-speaking people are to be found in the northeast of Houston, the East Texas people in the northern fringe which itself is the beginning of the piney woods, the German and Polish peoples are in the northwest 'Heights,' and so on. The city geographically lies where the cotton-rich blacklands give way to river bottoms and then to the grass plains. Each area surrounding the city has gathered its own, and each group has in turn established a community within the city. And so the city which in itself has no cultural traditions, is rich in those it has acquired."

These distinct and self-contained ethnic groups within the precincts of the metropolitan area, each with strong, vital cultural traditions (including musical) of its own, have accounted for the music's continuation and its resistance to the inroads of the mass communications media. Sooner or later, however, the old idioms will give way to the new "sophistication," and something precious and irretrievable will have been lost. The work of McCormick and his associates is particularly valuable in that it preserves for future generations a portion of our common heritage.

The score of selections provides a rich panorama of some of the traditional musical styles still to be heard in the area. With only two exceptions, all of the performers are amateurs, for whom music is a natural and necessary adjunct to life. The two exceptions are Sam "Lightnin'" Hopkins, the Houston singer who in the last two years has become the most recorded of contemporary blues artists, and Ed Badeaux, one of the editors of the folk music magazine *Sing Out* and a fine folk singer and instrumentalist in his own right.

As might be expected, the greater portion of the collection—twelve selections, to be precise—is given over to the vital Negro music traditions. The earliest are the songs changed in antiphony by the convict work gangs to while away the long, monotonous hours of exhausting physical labor on the state prison farms. "Yellow Gal" and "Shake It, Mister 'Gator," (both recorded at Ramsey State Farm in Otey, Texas) and "Grizzly Bear" (recorded at Retrieve State Farm in Snipe, Texas) can only begin to suggest the grimness of a life in which song is almost a means of survival. A related piece is the Negro song-fable, "The Gray Goose,"

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sung by John A. Lomax, Jr. (the son of the noted folklorist) exactly as he learned it from James "Iron Head" Baker, an inmate of the Central State Farm.

The Texas blues men have traditionally been among the most exciting practitioners of the idiom – from Blind Lemon Jefferson, the first to achieve any national prominence, down to "Lightnin'" Hopkins, currently enjoying a similar fame. Their work has from the beginning been characterized by an intensity of feeling and a degree of emotional involvement in their material that have given it a great deal of power and conviction. This is all the more significant when one considers that for the most part these performers (only a handful of whom have ever been recorded) have worked almost entirely within the confines of a clearly defined oral tradition. Only a few have departed from the customary restrictions to produce original and largely autobiographical blues of their own.

This tradition is amply illustrated in the remaining six blues selections, which range from the harsh and acid singing of R. C. Forest on "Cryin' Won't Make Me Stay" to the urgency and relative suavity of Dennis Gainus's "You Gonna Look Like a Monkey." In between fall the crude, arhythmic singing and guitar playing of Andrew Everett on "Hello, Central" and "K. C. Ain't Nothing But a Rag," and the "harsh and rhythm-dominated" vocal by Joel Hopkins ("Lightnin's" older brother) on "Good Times Here, Better Down the Road." The washboard band number, "Baby, Please Don't Go," performed by Dudley Alexander's trio, is a most interesting blues variant, being a fine sample of a local brand of this kind of music (called "Zydeco"), which has been played in Houston ever since the early Thirties when a number of French-speaking Creoles migrated to the city from Louisiana. This song, an old blues of uncertain ancestry, is here sung in both English and Gumbo French. George Coleman's boogie-tinged blues piano in "After Hours' Improvisation" represents the Negro instrumental music, which will be more fully documented in the projected third volume of the series.

The remaining selections are primarily in the Anglo-American ballad tradition, the most notable of which are Badeaux's version of the old English music hall song, "The Waitress and the Sailor" (which as the greatly bowdlerized "Bell-Bottom Trousers" enjoyed a wide popularity during World War II); Linna Belle Hafti's dulcet and plaintive singing of the oft-collected "Soldier, Will You Marry Me?"; John Anderson's rendition of an obviously British melody that has survived as a square dance tune, "The Miller Boy"; and Jimmy Womack's "The Jealous Lover," based on the traditional ballad theme of the pregnant girl killed by her lover. Also in this strong Anglo-American current are the cowboy song "The Streets of Laredo," here performed by Harry Stephens, and Mrs. Melton's unaccompanied "Ballad of Davy Crockett," in which the legendary folk figure Pompcalf engages Crockett in a furious and wildly exaggerated fight. Likewise in this tradition, but showing signs of an obvious influence through contact with the Negro blues, are Womack's "Talking Blues," Jim Wilkie's "Bad Lee Brown," and Pete Rose's sensitive and moving "Sand Mountain Blues." These last two are very much in the style commonly known nowadays as "country music."

Excellent and fully documented notes –setting all the songs in their proper contexts–have been provided by McCormick in a handsome sixty-page accompanying booklet.

It's a rather pointed commentary on the commercialism of our record industry that McCormick, after a long and futile search for an American outlet for this valuable documentary series, had to settle at last for its release on a British label, Doug Dobell's "77" Records. The album is easily obtainable, however–far easier, in fact, than some American blues recordings. An international money order–which may be obtained at your local post office–in the amount of 39/9d (or roughly $5.60), payable to Dobell's Jazz Record Shop, 77 Charing Cross Road, London W.C. 2, England, will secure the disc.

A TREASURY OF FIELD RECORDINGS—*Vol. I. "77" Records 77LA 12-2:* "The Streets of Laredo," Harry Stephens; "Talking Blues," "The Jealous Lover," Jimmy Womack; "Yellow Gal," Harold Burton and Group; "K. C. Ain't Nothing But a Rag," Andrew Everett; "The Waitress and the Sailor," Ed Badeaux; "Corrine, Corrina," Sam "Lightnin'" Hopkins; "The Ballad of Davy Crockett," Mrs. Melton; "Cryin' Won't Make Me Stay," R. C. Forest and Gozy Kilpatrick; "Baby, Please Don't Go," Dudley Alexander and Washboard Band; "You Gonna Look Like a Monkey," Dennis Gainus; "Bad Lee Brown," Jim Wilkie; "Sand Mountain Blues," Pete Rose; "Soldier, Will You Marry Me?" Linna Belle Hafti; "Good Times Here, Better Down the Road," Joel Hopkins; "The Gray Goose," John A. Lomax, Jr.; "Hello, Central, Gimme 209," Andrew Everett; "The Miller Boy," John Q. Anderson; "After Hours' Improvisation," George Coleman; "Shake It, Mister 'Gator," Joseph Johnson, R. G. Williams, and Group; "Grizzly Bear," Grover Dickson and Group.

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(Continued from page 55)

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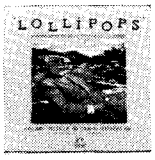

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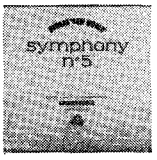

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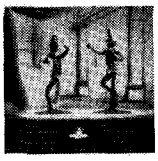

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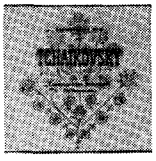

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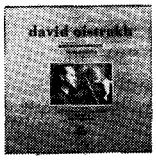

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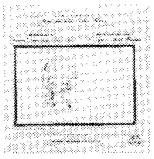

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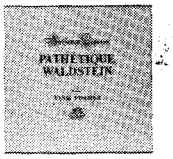

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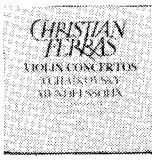

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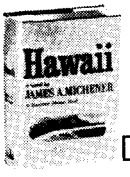
TWENTY-FIVE OUTSTANDING BOOKS OF 1960

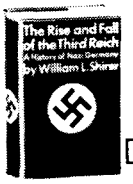
Just for self-appraisal: CHECK THOSE YOU FULLY INTENDED TO READ BUT FAILED TO . . . THROUGH OVERSIGHT OR OVERBUSYNESS



186. HAWAII *by* JAMES A. MICHENER. (Retail price $6.95)

104. ADVISE AND CONSENT *by* ALLEN DRURY (Retail price $5.75)

198. THE LEOPARD *by* GIUSEPPE DI LAMPEDUSA (Retail price $4.50)



431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Retail price $10)

436. DECISION AT DELPHI *by* HELEN MACINNES (Retail price $4.95)

416. BORN FREE *by* JOY ADAMSON Illustrated. (Retail price $4.95)

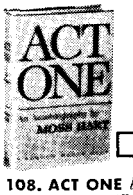
430. THE CHILD BUYER *by* JOHN HERSEY. (Retail price $4)

433. TIMES THREE *by* PHYLLIS MC GINLEY. (Retail price $5)

409. THE AFFAIR *by* C. P. SNOW (Retail price $4.50)

432. PEACEABLE LANE *by* KEITH WHEELER. (Retail price $4.50)

199. THE CONSTANT IMAGE *by* MARCIA DAVENPORT. (Retail price $3.95)



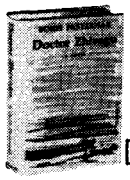
108. ACT ONE *by* MOSS HART. (Retail price $5)

413. THE GOOD YEARS *by* WALTER LORD. Illustrated. (Retail price $4.95)

420. THE POLITICS OF UPHEAVAL *by* ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. Vol. III of *The Age of Roosevelt*. (Retail price $6.95)

405. DR. SCHWEITZER OF LAMBARENE *by* NORMAN COUSINS. Illustrated. (Retail price $3.95)

191. GRANT MOVES SOUTH *by* BRUCE CATTON (Retail price $6.50)



102. DOCTOR ZHIVAGO *by* BORIS PASTERNAK (Retail price $5)

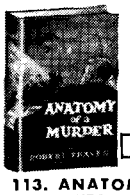
194. THE LONGEST DAY *by* CORNELIUS RYAN. Illustrated. (Retail price $4.95)

400. THIS IS MY GOD *by* HERMAN WOUK. (Retail price $3.95)

101. EXODUS *by* LEON URIS. (Retail price $4.50)

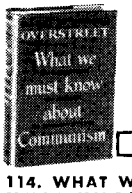
126. THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY *by* JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH. (Retail price $5)

WHAT DOES YOUR SELF-CHECK SHOW ABOUT YOUR RECENT BOOK-READING HABITS?



113. ANATOMY OF A MURDER *by* ROBERT TRAVER (Retail price $4.50)

187. THE DARKNESS AND THE DAWN *by* THOMAS B. COSTAIN (Retail price $3.95)



114. WHAT WE MUST KNOW ABOUT COMMUNISM *by* HARRY and BONARO OVERSTREET. (Retail price $3.95)

447. VANITY FAIR: A Cavalcade of the 1920s and 1930s. Illustrated. (Retail price $10)

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✶ If you continue after the trial membership, with every second Club choice you buy you will receive a valuable Book-Dividend averaging around $6.50 in retail value. Since the inauguration of this profit-sharing plan, $255,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been earned and received as Book-Dividends. Isn't it good sense, for 1961, at least to make this trial, and get back into the habit of book reading?

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